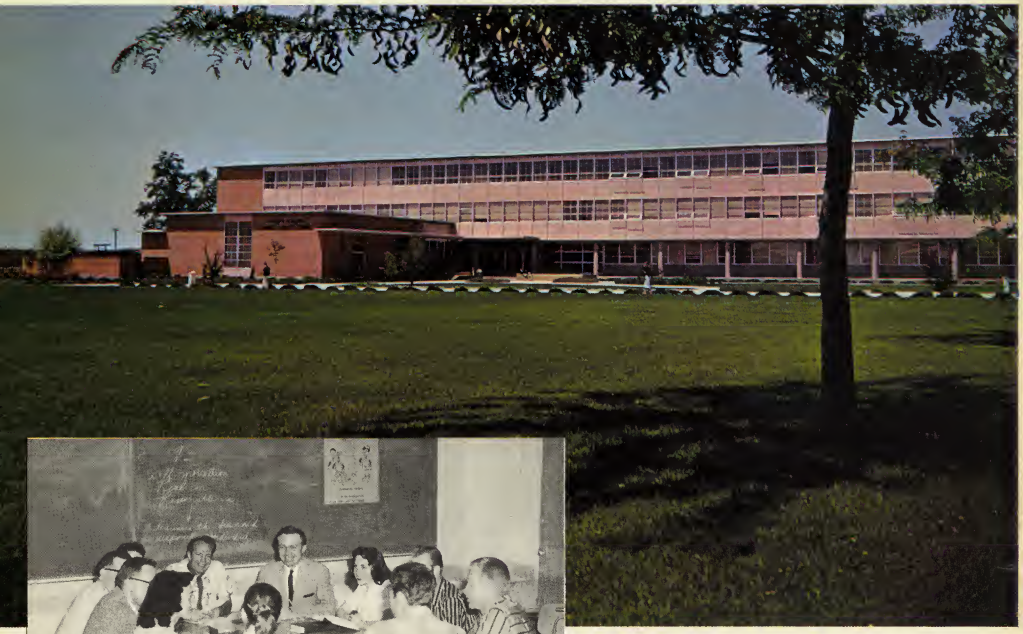


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August 1960

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Exploring the Universe

by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

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Holes bored to 1346 and 2556 feet in the Bikini atoll in the Pacific Ocean in 1947 found calcareous, mostly unconsolidated or poorly cemented reef material all the way down. The fossils found were of shallow-water organisms. This seems to confirm the ideas of Charles Darwin of more than 100 years ago. This theory proposed that the reef grew continuously upward on a sinking foundation which sank slower than the coral reef could grow.

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I. Q.

When the earliest attempts were made to measure human intelligence years ago it was hoped that intelligence could be expressed by one number—an I.Q., or intelligence quotient. Research in the last 10 years indicates that there are at least 55 distinct factors or dimensions of intellect and Dr. J. P. Guilford of the University of California estimates that there may be as many as 120.

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THE COVER:

Ed Maryon of The Improvement Era Staff depicts the Herculean effort that attended covered wagon caravans on the old Pioneer Trail. What a heritage the descendants of those people have!

Cover lithographed in full color by Deseret News Press.



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LDS Current BOOKS

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Here's the newest Mark E. Petersen book that contains forty of his Conference Addresses, speeches, and articles. He talks about "The Vision of Nephi," "Epistles and Apostasy," "Why Mormons Build Temples," "Ancient Records and the Book of Mormon," and hosts of additional subjects of interest to youth, parents, and all ages.
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2. Youth of the Noble Birthright

The thirteen Fireside Addresses that were given this year to youth throughout the Church by the General Authorities are contained in this single volume. The topics under discussion include: Courtship and Marriage, Young People Want Parental Advice, Youth and the Car, and others. All thirteen selections are illustrated, with a frontispiece of President McKay. **1.75**

3. Stories from Mormon History
Alma P. and Clea M. Burton

Many little-known stories from the early days of the Church are found in this vast collection. There are one hundred and twenty-nine in all, classified under such headings as: Of Things Spiritual, The Hill Cumorah and Ancient Records, The Saints and the Western Movement, etc. The majority of them are of such length that they make excellent illustrative material for speeches and lessons.
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4. Faith in a Day of Unbelief
David H. Yarn, Jr.

Dr. Yarn, Dean of the College of Religious Instruction, Brigham Young University, gives a direct and concise presentation of the fundamentals of the Restored Gospel. This fine book will be of interest not only to members of the Church but to non-members as well. **1.95**

5. A Reader for the Teacher
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6. Missionary Study Guide
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The U-2 Incident

by Dr. G. Homer Durham
Vice President, University of Utah

Espionage has taken its place as part of the actions of responsible government. In retrospect, this seems to be the significant element in the U-2 incident of May 1960.

Espionage has been a human activity for thousands of years. When Caleb and Joshua were sent to spy out the promised land, they were following practice well-established. In modern times, when spies have been caught, the normal procedure has been for governments to profess innocence, to deny responsibility for their actions. Indeed, to plead ignorance of the affair, or at most dismiss it as "inexplicable," has been normal practice. Those who have engaged in the dangerous art have done so with full personal assumption of the risks. Often professional spies are in the pay of both sides. Their profession has seemed necessary.

As lawyers, doctors, and other professions have many clients, so, too, the professional spy has often been engaged in the service of more than one country. Money spent for such services from public treasuries has usually not been subject to public account. To hazard guesses in this field, one may be as well informed by reading the books of E. Phillips Oppenheim. Or one may let his imagination run wild. Colonel Abel, a recent Soviet spy convicted in the United States, is now serving a 30-year prison sentence in this country. What Francis G. Powers' fate will be has not yet been clarified. The important fact is that the United States government has acknowledged that he was an American agent. This is a new development in international relations. This is a development that could augur well for the future. Why?

1. The United States, by making public recognition of Mr. Powers as an official agent, establishes a precedent which other nations may have to follow quickly. The U-2 incident dramatizes the current "facts of life."

2. The acquisition of information by "illegal" means appears to be accepted as necessary. If necessary, can it long remain "illegal"? Or will the acceptance of its necessity pave the way for more elevated practices?

3. The Powers' case occurred in the midst of a U.S.-Soviet program of cultural exchange. Much publicity has attended the exchange of medical scientists, U. S. governors, Soviet officials, Nixon's visit, Mikoyan's visit, Khruschev's visit. The Powers' incident led to the cancellation of the return visit to Russia of President Eisenhower. But it is barely possible that the area of "cultural exchange" known hitherto as "espionage" may be elevated into international inspection and exchange of security information in the long run. The American position was soon clarified. We acknowledged the fact that the Powers' flight was routine, was one of many since 1956, and that we accepted responsibility. The implication is that the world could expect other states to view similarly such activities.

What information was gained?

That Russia probably had, by May 1960, some thirty launching platforms from which rockets could be fired in a surprise attack.

By making available this information, public opinion, world-wide, may insist on more responsibility and safeguards in all governments.

Finally, the debate in the UN should remind everyone of the value of that instrument. Within hours of the dissolution of the Paris Summit Conference, Mr. Gromyko and Mr. Lodge were debating the issues in the Security Council. There is much promise in the fact that the issues *were* being discussed. The Security Council is not yet the parliament of men, foretold by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall," but it is the world's hope, in such incidents, for rational and responsible processes to prevail.



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Letters and Reports



The *lucky hundred* is what they called them, the Explorers from the Tahoe Area Council, who took their posts at Squaw Valley during the Eighth Winter Olympics.

Scout Executive, Williard Hill, of Auburn, California, realized that a chance of a lifetime would come to his Explorers. They would certainly be able to render a lasting good turn to the big games. At the same time, they would be on hand to witness some spectacular sporting events. The signup was quick and spontaneous and included 18 LDS young men and four of their adult leaders. Auburn and Roseville Wards of North Sacramento Stake and Grass Valley Ward of the Gridley Stake furnished these twenty-two.

This twelve day good turn proved to be the colorful reserve of manpower so useful to the Olympic Organization Committee. Eagle Scouts were assigned to Walt Disney's staff who conducted the day to day pageantry of the occasion, as well as the inspiring opening and closing ceremonies. Their red parkas, white galloshes, and neat Explorer "greens" were elsewhere in evidence. They were runners for the press, messengers for many departments and officials, emergency crowd control assistants, and otherwise performed a gratefully received yeoman service.

Both on and off duty this crew was treated to athletic demonstrations they will long remember. Ski jumping, the slaloms, figure skating, speed skating, to mention a few of the events enjoyed. Many had the privilege of watching the US hockey team demonstrate its superiority in the winning of the championship. However, to many, the great value was in friendships which they made with foreign participants. Certainly all came away with a conviction that they had witnessed a great proof of the existence of international brotherhood.

The boys are displaying a trophy awarded to them for keeping the neatest quarters for this time.

Serving as leaders from LDS Posts were L. O. Kendall, Grant Ursenbach, Ray Davis, Jr., John Harris.

-

Blackfoot, Idaho

Dear Editors:

I have long admired the covers of The Improvement Era. I am especially delighted with the latest with a print of one by Prof. Groutage (Logan Temple and Landscape). Although I have not met him, I have studied art under others at the Utah State.

It is my hope that the future will find prints of other original art. I like the idea of a landscape with a religious edifice or building as part of the design. I picture many other temples and chapels in interesting settings as possible future subjects for covers. In fact, there are so many fine originals that can be produced from our intermountain outdoors.

Again accept my congratulations.

Sincerely yours,
Marlin E. Bingham

Idaho Falls, Idaho

Dear Editors:

Please accept this note of praise for the beautiful cover of this month's Era, May 1960. (Logan Temple and Landscape by Harrison Groutage.) The colors are so pleasing and the setting so peaceful.

It is truly the most beautiful cover I have seen in a long long while.

I came home from work tired, and when I picked my Era out of the mail box, it startled me with its beauty and lifted my heart.

Thank you one and all for this wonderful magazine.

Sincerely,
Kris Hisgen

North Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

Since moving to my new home at the below address some time ago, your magazine has been coming through the mail addressed to one of the former tenants, Mr. Don McCall. I have been unable to locate Mr. McCall's present address so that the magazine may be sent on to him.

I would like to say that I have read the issues that have come and enjoyed them very much. I am not a Mormon, but many of the fellows I work with are, and

I have always been impressed by their wonderful devotion to their religion and the clean type of life they live. I only wish that the members of my religion had that full-time interest in their religion and church work.

Being a former law enforcement officer, I particularly enjoy the articles by Chief Skousen who is a very intelligent man and has a fine viewpoint on our ever present crime problems.

I hate to give up my (or I should say Mr. McCall's) copy of Era, but I feel in all fairness to you and to Mr. McCall you should know that he is no longer at this address and that I have been unable to locate him.

Sincerely,
Jack Egger

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

So gladly do I renew my subscription to The Era! Thanking heaven that the price is within the reach of my rather meager budget! I cannot understand how any Latter-day Saint family can afford to be without it in the home. The covers are works of art. "Salted Peanut Mounds" will replenish my cookie jar in the morning. Between these two—well—I have seen crowds of Saints at the west gate during general conference sessions waiting for a chance to shake the hand of President McKay, or even just to get a close up of him. Yet each month I clasp his hand outstretched to me in the pages of the Era, and thank God for his kindly words of inspiration and guidance that come each month *right into my home.*

Miss that? Miss the "Spoken Word"? Miss "Exploring the Universe" and "These Times," "Your Question," teaching helps, and a score of other enjoyable articles? Miss all that for less than a penny a day? Not I!

May God continue to bless you in the fine work you are doing.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Flora Whitlemore

Clarksville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

I want to tell you how much reading The Improvement Era helps a soldier. When I've been feeling low and ready to go out with the boys, I would pick my Improvement Era up and read it. It would remind me of what I'm living for. Not saying anything what it does to build my spiritual life.

I would have it on my bunk or footlocker and the boys would come along and pick it up and comment on it. It sure would make me proud to be a member of the Church.

I want to thank you for your co-operation in changing my magazine address.

I'm sure the Lord has blessed every one on The Improvement Era Staff in doing their job. So to influence people like me, I pray that he will continue blessing them.

Sincerely yours,
Russell B. Bird



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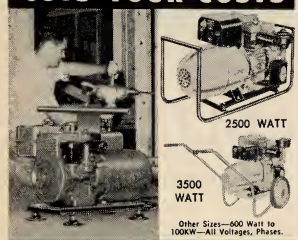
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The Church Moves On

May 1960

1 The 298th stake now functioning in the Church was organized at Tulsa, Oklahoma, with Elder Robert N. Sears as president, and Elders William H. Day and Veigh J. Nielson as counselors. The Tulsa Stake, with approximately 2,000 members, was formed by Elders LeGrand Richards and George Q. Morris of the Council of the Twelve. The first missionary labors accomplished in the Oklahoma area was done by the Indian Territory Mission. . . . Elder Horace J. Ritchie sustained as president of San Jose (California) Stake, succeeding President Vernard L. Beckstrand. Elders William R. Siddoway and B. Floyd Farr were sustained as counselors.

7 The general Church music committee received two members with the appointment of Elder Richard P. Condie, conductor of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, and Elder Crawford Gates, a member of the YMMIA general board and of the BYU faculty. The Church has long been concerned with its music. In July 1830 the Prophet Joseph Smith received a revelation that his wife, Emma, should make a "selection of sacred hymns." (D&C 25.)

8 Elder Isaac W. Lee sustained as president of Burley (Idaho) Stake, succeeding President Newel P. Baker. Elders Francis N. Carter and Ernest R. Blauer are counselors to President Lee. . . . Elder Glen O. Hamblin sustained as president of Young (New Mexico-Colorado) Stake, succeeding President Clement P. Hilton who has been called as president of the North Central States Mission. President Hamblin's counselors are Elders Clinton M. Taylor and Thomas A. Goodman.

15 Elder Junior Wright Child succeeds President Donald W. Challis as president of Murray South (Utah) Stake. President Child's counselors are Elders George M. Rowley and Lerue Winget. . . . The town of Murray was comparatively late in Church organization. It wasn't until October 1900 that a ward was organized there.

The one hundred thirty-first anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood was commemorated in the Church. . . . The Aaronic Priesthood was restored by John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery on Friday, May 15, 1829.

22 Elder Claire B. Black sustained as president of Nevada Stake succeeding President Wendell S. Lambert. President Black's counselors are Elders Donald B. Tate and David J. Naylor. . . . Until 1926, Nevada Stake was a part of North Weber Stake, with headquarters at Ogden, Utah.

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After the disastrous quakes in Chile, welfare supplies were sent by the Church by air to be distributed by the Red Cross in that South American nation. . . . Traditionally, the Church does much to help its neighbor in need in this regard. Pioneer Salt Lake City was always a resting place for people going to California by covered wagon. The Church sent supplies to the victims of the Johnstown flood (1889) and the San Francisco earthquake (1906).

June 1960

5 Elder Walter F. Ririe, former second counselor to President Delbert G. Taylor of Rexburg (Idaho) Stake, sustained as first counselor succeeding Elder Willis G. Nelson; Elder J. Wendell Stucki sustained as second counselor.

Recent appointments are: Elders W. McKinley Oswald and Lorry E. Rytting appointed to the Church priesthood softball committee; Mrs. Paul (Irene Williams) Buehner, Mrs. Bryan L. (LaPriel Strong) Bunker, Mrs. Ernest L. (Alice L.) Wilkinson, and Mrs. M. Ross (Marie Curtis) Richards appointed to the Relief Society general board; Elder C. Derek Harland appointed to the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

8 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Bryan L. Bunker to preside over the California Mission, succeeding President Jesse A. Udall, who has been appointed to the Arizona Supreme Court, succeeding his brother, the late Justice Levi S. Udall. President Bunker has served as president of the California Mission before, beginning in 1951. . . . Latter-day Saints settled in California (the *Brooklyn* company at Yerba Buena—now San Francisco—July 31, 1846) before they settled in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

In sermons, song, and drama; in historic buildings on Temple Square, in modern buildings throughout the city, as well as in the great open-doors; the youth of the Church attended the annual June conference of the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations, June 10, 11, and 12, with pre-conference events a day earlier. . . . These great youth organizations date back to 1869 and pioneer Salt Lake City, although there is evidence that their roots lie in the Nauvoo period of Church history.

-

HIGH SINGING TOWERS

by Mabel Jones Gabbott

In the twilight hour of a summer's day,
I sat beneath an arc light's flickering glow,
Recounting good things I have come to know,
And gifts of value that have come my way:

The warmth of home, the loved ones cherished there,
A sound, strong body; and a mind awake
To beauty, wisdom, and the truths that make
A good book, and a heart that needs to care.

So ran my musings; then, I thought of you,
And memories we share came quick to stir
In me such feelings, passionate and true;
They lifted every blessing past the blur
Of grateful tears to such high singing towers
As they alone know, who know love like ours.

In Memoriam

Elizabeth Jackson Moffitt



Production Editor
The Improvement Era

Saturday evening, June 25, 1960, the editors and their co-workers at The Improvement Era were saddened by the comparatively sudden passing of one of their number, Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson Moffitt. We have taken the following from a resolution of respect, originally read at the funeral, in Price, Utah, on June 29, and from other sources:

On May 16, 1933 there came to work in the offices of The Improvement Era a young, dark-haired widow, who was highly recommended by the LDS Business College, where she had been assisting in the English and typewriting departments as an instructor, as well as going to school there.

This was the magazine's first introduction to Elizabeth J. Moffitt, Beth to her friends, and we were all her friends.

Beth's first assignment was to work a half day in the business office and a half day in the editorial department. At certain times of the month she had the privilege of coming back in the evening to assist in the mailing of magazines.

At home at 270 G Street were her two small daughters, Jackie and Renee, and their widowed grandmother, Elizabeth Jackson. Over the years that home, in Salt Lake City was often bursting with Jackson relatives who were attending school, or were just in on a weekend from Price.

Beth's family and The Improvement Era were her life—and it sometimes proved difficult to know which would come first in her life.

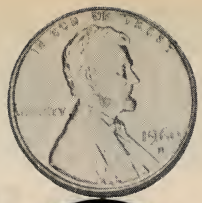
In any list of her characteristics, her great loyalty, her unquestioned dependability to anything that she knew to be right, would be foremost.

Through the years, Beth's hair became tinged with silver as she became an increasing important factor in the well co-ordinated effort to publish the Era. Her first real title was "Editorial Secretary," followed by "Editorial Associate," "Manuscript Editor," and "Production Editor."

Beth was not a writing editor, save what she wrote with that indelible ink called love upon the hearts of her friends and her associates.

As Production Editor her responsibilities were to assist in reading manuscripts that were submitted, editing those manuscripts that were purchased and scheduled; pasting the magazine; proofreading, at least twice, the material from the printer. Hers was the responsibility of final approval of the magazine seconds before the whine and the wheeze of the great motors took over, turning out copies of The Improvement Era by the thousands.

At times she spoke of her first years at the Era—how Elder Harrison R. Merrill, the managing editor, would never have his editorials ready until the last moment. Then Elder Merrill, physically a huge man, would open his small portable typewriter. Beth would wonder how his great fingers would find the right keys. But the words came forth, so letter-perfect that Elder Merrill never read the copy for a misplaced letter. . . . Or that Saturday morning, now so long ago, when Beth

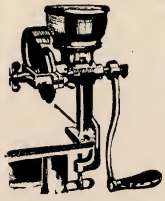


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looked up to see President Heber J. Grant coming into her office. He had slipped away from his busy desk to discuss something with Richard L. Evans. Richard Evans was polishing his radio script, so President Grant sat down in that chair right there, and chatted for three or four minutes before Elder Evans put his radio work to one side. . . .

At times she spoke of more personal matters: of happy occasions with her husband, Wells, who had met a tragic death in 1929, and of their life and hopes. These were the memories of Elizabeth Moffitt, and now they are our precious memories, too, because Beth shared so much of her life with us.

Lining the walls of the office that Beth occupied are bound volumes of the Era. Twenty-seven of those, representing nearly 24,000 pages, Elizabeth J. Moffitt helped bring into being. Yet, each new page to be worked on was a challenge—a challenge which often kept the lights burning brightly above her desk long after the usually accepted five o'clock closing hour.

She worked under the direction of Presidents Heber J. Grant, George Albert Smith, David O. McKay; John A. Widtsoe, and Richard L. Evans of the Council of the Twelve as editors; Harrison R. Merrill, Richard L. Evans, and Doyle L. Green as managing editors; Elsie T. Brandley as associate editor; Marba C. Josephson as associate editor and later as associate managing editor; O. B. Peterson, John Kenneth Orton, John D. Giles, and Verl F. Scott, as business managers.

The business and editorial departments of The Improvement Era, where Beth worked for almost half of her lifetime, unite in extending their profound sympathy to her bereaved family, to her daughters, Jackie Evans of Burlingame, California, and Renee Eshleman of Ludlow, Massachusetts, to her grandchildren, and to her brothers and sisters.

RAIN

by Maurine Jacobs

Rain is a tall woman, clothed in gray.
Her hair hangs loose and long.
Although I can't tell what she's saying,
My heart's always snared by her song.

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The Little We See

by President David O. McKay

About fifteen miles from Vernal, Uintah County, Utah, stands a hill over which people walked and rode at intervals for years without seeing anything unusual about it. They noticed two great rocks, uniform in size, but to men bent upon pioneer duties they were only rocks.

One day a man from the Carnegie Institute walked over the same hill. The nature of the rocks suggested to him that in these strata are sometimes found fossils of huge animals that once roamed over parts of the earth.

What were only common rocks to the farmer, the cattleman, and the pioneer were, to the trained mind of the scientist, fossilized remains of two vertebrae of a gigantic creature that had been extinct for centuries. In the course of a short time this discoverer had a force of men carefully uncovering these fossilized remains, and the people of the surrounding valley looked on with interest and amazement as a dinosaur, sixty-five feet long and thirty-five feet high, was disclosed to view.

Following indications as he perceived them this educator in the realm of science, by great effort and expense, unearthed one of the finest specimens discovered to that time.

In 1915 the area became known as the Dinosaur National Monument, set aside by the government so that the casual observer may come with the more serious scientific student to study these most interesting fossils of the dinosaurs and other reptiles of the time. Today the monument area contains about two hundred thousand acres in eastern Utah and western Colorado.

So men go through this life, catching occasional glimpses of a higher, a spiritual world; but unfortunately, they remain satisfied with but a glimpse, and refuse to put forth the effort required to uncover the beauties and glories of that spiritual realm. They sense it blindly. Crowded by temporal demands, some there are who lose sight of even the indications.

The game of life is fascinating, and when men enter it they enter to win. To win becomes the sole aim of life. The merchant, for example, wishes to succeed, no matter what it costs. The politician (not the statesman) enters the political world to satisfy his ambitions, regardless of serving the community or the country.

Thus, men lose sight of the high things of life; worldly things crush the spiritual light flickering within the soul. Some follow the will-o-the-wisp of indulgence, of passion, becoming dupes of an illusion, and they soon begin to grovel. Truly as Wordsworth said:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
> Little we see in nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon."
> ("Miscellaneous Sonnets," Pt. I, No. 33.)

The pathways of mortality are best lighted for those who diligently prepare. The pioneers, farmers, and cattlemen were prepared to open the Uintah country. The scientist was prepared for something else. May we all so live as to recognize the markings by the side of our paths that will lead us to joy on earth and rich rewards hereafter.

Your Question: DOES SATAN HAVE

Answered by
Joseph Fielding Smith
President of the Council of the Twelve

Q *"In a fireside meeting in our branch the question was asked: 'Does Satan have power to answer our prayers?' Some of those present stated that it was their opinion that he did, but that he would do so to deceive us. Others felt that if our prayers were sincere Satan could have no power to intervene and give us false answers. Since there was a division of opinion we would like to have an answer to the question."*

A That Satan has great power to deceive is a demonstrated fact. We read in the scriptures where he exercises his power to deceive and lead mankind astray on numerous occasions. When Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden, the Lord sent an angel to instruct them in the plan of salvation, and they were commanded to teach these things to their children, which they faithfully did; but Satan came among them and said: "I am also a son of God; and he commanded them, saying: Believe it not; and they believed it not, and they loved Satan more than God. And men began from that time forth to be carnal, sensual, and devilish."[1] He tried to destroy our Redeemer also through temptation and in this he failed. When the time had arrived for the restoration of the gospel in this dispensation, Satan evidently knew of it and did all in his power to destroy the Prophet Joseph Smith before the coming of the Father and the Son with the message of salvation. Satan's mission is to destroy. When he rebelled at the council in heaven, he determined to destroy the work of the Lord and subject all mankind to his power. It must be admitted that in a great measure he has accomplished his purpose, for he has persuaded the vast majority of the inhabitants of the earth to turn away from the divinely revealed truth. He will lay temptations in the path of every individual to cause them to commit sin. He has taught the world false doctrines under the guise of truth and many have followed him. He appeared to Moses saying: ". . . Moses, son of man, worship me. And it came to pass that Moses looked upon Satan and said: Who art thou? For behold, I am a son of God, in the similitude of his Only Begotten; and where is thy glory, that I should worship thee?"[2]

We should be on guard always to resist Satan's advances. (He will appear to us in the person of a friend or a relative in whom we have confidence.) He has power to place thoughts in our minds and to whisper to us in unspoken impressions to entice us to satisfy our appetites or desires and in various other ways he plays upon our weaknesses and desires. Nephi understood this clearly and by the gift of prophecy left a warning for the present generations calling on us to be on guard and prepared to resist Satan's advances. Here are some of his words to the present generation:

"For the kingdom of the devil must shake, and they which belong to it must needs be stirred up unto repentance, or the devil will grasp them with his everlasting chains, and they be stirred up to anger, and perish;

"For behold, at that day shall he rage in the hearts of the children of men, and stir them up to anger against that which is good.

"And others he will pacify, and lull them away into carnal security, that they will say: All is well in Zion; yea, Zion prospereth, all is well—and thus the devil cheateth their souls, and leadeth them away carefully down to hell.

"And behold, others he flattereth away, and telleth them there is no hell; and he saith unto them: I am no devil, for there is none—and thus he whispereth in their ears, until he grasps them with his awful chains, from whence there is no deliverance."[3]

We should not consider his power too lightly, but in the sincerity of our souls resist every impression,

[1] Moses 5:13.

[2] *Ibid.*, 1:12-13.

[3] 2 Nephi 28:19-22.

POWER TO ANSWER PRAYERS?

every unwholesome thought or desire and every persuasion to do wrong that may come from any source whatever, even from our most cherished friends. Satan knows all the tricks and has had long experience in persuading people to do evil. Nephi has also given us the following wholesome advice:

"And now, my beloved brethren, I perceive that ye ponder still in your hearts; and it grieveth me that I must speak concerning this thing. For if ye would hearken unto the Spirit which teacheth a man to pray ye would know that ye must pray; for the evil spirit teacheth not a man to pray, but teacheth him that he must not pray.

"But behold, I say unto you ye must pray always, and not faint; that ye must not perform any thing unto the Lord save in the first place ye shall pray unto the Father in the name of Christ, that he will consecrate thy performance unto thee, that thy performance may be for the welfare of thy soul."[4]

We learn that it is a commandment from the Lord that we seek him constantly in humble prayer. When the Savior was with his disciples, he taught them to pray and he set the example before them in frequent prayers to his Father. We may be sure, since it is a commandment from the Lord, that there is virtue in prayer, and when we seek the Lord it should be in the spirit of humility and reverence. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said to his disciples:

"Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: . . .

"Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread will he give him a stone?"[5]

And again:

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."[6]

When his authority was questioned by the Jews, Jesus answered them and said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."[7]

We may feel perfectly sure that the Lord would not command us to pray and then permit Satan to interfere and deceive us, if we have the spirit of humility and faith to approach our Father for his blessings. It is written in the revelations given to the Church,

"And again, verily I say unto you, my friends, I leave these sayings with you to ponder in your hearts, with this commandment which I give unto you, that ye shall call upon me while I am near—

"Draw near unto me, and I will draw near unto you; seek me diligently and ye shall find me; ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

"Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name it shall be given unto you, that is expedient for you;

"And if ye ask anything that is not expedient for you, it shall turn unto your condemnation."[8]

We are thus advised not to ask for things that are not expedient. Too many times in prayers things may be asked for which are not expedient but to gratify our vanity or foolish desires, and then if answered the prayer could be to our hurt. We have a wonderful example of this in the case of Martin Harris, when he persisted, after the Lord had refused his request and on his repeated seeking the request was granted. The result of this became a plague to him and even to the Prophet Joseph Smith all their lives. Then again, the promise is sure that the Lord will not deny the humble petition which is offered, and it may not be expedient in some prayers that the answer be given as requested. Moreover, it is true that the Lord is not always near. The man who has ignored the Lord, who has not kept his commandments, and who does not pray, may find it a very difficult thing to obtain an answer to his earnest prayer when in distress, and the (*Continued on page* 607)

[4]*Ibid.*, 32:8-9.
[5]Matt. 7:7, 9.
[6]*Ibid.*, 6:33.
[7]John 7:17.
[8]D&C 88:62-65.

Forever in my Heart

by Mary E. Winchell

■ The summer I was nearing ten and living in a small country home in Iowa I had a great longing in my heart. I thought about it when I was studying my arithmetic and geography in school, and even at recess when playing the favorite game of "Dare Base." Now, walking home alone from school with my reader under my arm, I could think of nothing else—*a new hat for my mother.*

I knew there was no money for new hats, and my mother knew it, though she said nothing about it, for it was the year after the dread hog cholera had swept our country leaving behind great losses. Though with our good garden, fruit, milk, and cheese, we had plenty to eat we, with others, had no money now for payment on farms, equipment, or new clothes.

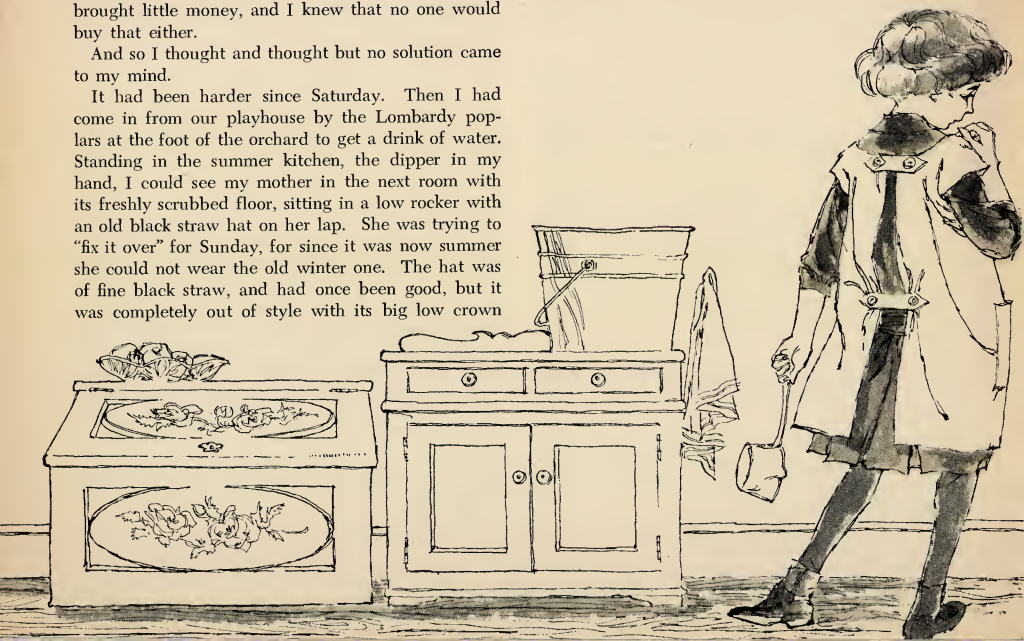
My mother was a very small woman with deep blue eyes and brown hair. My father, a tall thin dark man. They loved each other and their children, but could not keep anxiety from their faces.

I think some of our neighbors did not mind about clothes, for plain clothes were a part of their religion. Perhaps they were fortunate but clothes were not a part of our religion.

In stories, one reads of girls earning money by selling their hair but my curly brown hair was already short according to the fashion and, anyway, who would buy hair in our county? Others sold bluing but that brought little money, and I knew that no one would buy that either.

And so I thought and thought but no solution came to my mind.

It had been harder since Saturday. Then I had come in from our playhouse by the Lombardy poplars at the foot of the orchard to get a drink of water. Standing in the summer kitchen, the dipper in my hand, I could see my mother in the next room with its freshly scrubbed floor, sitting in a low rocker with an old black straw hat on her lap. She was trying to "fix it over" for Sunday, for since it was now summer she could not wear the old winter one. The hat was of fine black straw, and had once been good, but it was completely out of style with its big low crown





I longed to run in, put my arms about her and comfort her. . . .

and wide brim. It was not very black now either, and the limp black ribbon that she had steamed and pressed was not as black as the hat. With thin, uncertain fingers, for she felt no confidence in "fixing" hats, she put a band of the ribbon around the crown and fastened it. Then she added a flat bow to cover the ends of the ribbon.

She looked at it wistfully with firm lips, in a way she had when things were hard to figure out. She tried to puff out the bow but it fell back limp as before. She then laid a faded flower beside the bow, turning the hat around and looking at it from all sides. The flower did not seem to improve it and so she took it off, putting on instead a small rosette of old black lace. Then she tried it on, looking at herself steadily in the small wall mirror. From where I stood I could see into the mirror, also, and I was to remember always the sudden tears in my mother's eyes—something I had never seen there before unless someone had died. I longed to run in, put my arms about her and comfort her, but instead I slipped out quietly so that she would not know that I had seen the tears.

The next morning, after Papa had done the chores, having got up at four o'clock as usual to milk the cows, we were ready for church. We stood by the gate as he drove up in the old spring wagon that he had managed to improve a little with some black paint. We were pleased with it now, and with the horses Frank and Topsy who were rather old, but sleek looking. Some folks drove such "skinny" horses.

Mamma looked up anxiously at Papa as he helped her and the baby into the wagon as though hoping he wouldn't say much about the way she had "fixed over" her hat. He said nothing at all but I knew, as I looked at him, that he shared my longing for her to have a new hat—even though his own well brushed clothes were old and shabby.

At church there was the beloved English grandmother, nice and plump, to greet us. I hoped she would not notice the hat. She did, but she, too, made no comment. She would have loved to buy hats for her daughter and grandchildren and sometimes *did*



buy us nice blue calico for aprons, but she had little extra money and grandfather would not have noticed *any* hat—at least not much. He saw only faces—and they looked all right to him.

Others came into the church from the town with its three hundred people and from the country about. Many wore new or nicely trimmed old hats. An old schoolmate of Mamma's, whose husband had a store, wore a new black hat of shiny straw with a small high crown and with yellow velvet flowers nodding in front. She greeted Mamma very cordially but it was hard to see the two hats so close together. I was glad when the service was over.

After church, Bessie and I with small brother Albert raced to Grandpa's new spring wagon where we thought there would be something in a paper bag for us that Grandma had made. This time it was cupcakes and a small bag of red cinnamon candies. There was also a bag of apples of a kind we didn't have.

"I thought," said Grandma, "that the children could have an apple apiece on the way home and then have the cupcakes for their dinner. I was going to frost them this time for a treat and put on these red candies Grandpa bought but I didn't get time. Perhaps you can frost them if you can spare the sugar."

Mamma looked much pleased. "I think I can," she said, and that was something to look forward to all the way home.

It was good to be at home again with Sunday clothes laid away and putting on instead clean, much mended everyday ones. The maple trees cast a delightful shade over the old house. There were pleasant things to think about, especially the delight of having seen the grandparents, the great-aunties, the young uncles, and Elder Avery.

Papa made the fire and put an old white tablecloth on the table. He liked a white one "even if it is old," he said, "better than a red one." I set the table while Papa peeled the potatoes. Then he got his flute and played the songs we had sung in church. Small brother Albert and little Ella did not want to go out to play for they wanted to watch Mamma put frosting on the cakes. All right, they could stay in if they were good.

Mamma took a platter and put on it the white of an egg. Then she beat and beat it with a three-tined steel fork for that was the kind we had. Bessie and I had to scour them with brick dust every Saturday. Mamma had never had an egg beater. A peddler often stopped and showed egg beaters, along with other household articles, and always tried to sell one to her. But she would laugh and say, "Why no, I can always beat eggs with a fork!" I thought an egg beater would be very nice but they cost fifteen cents and where was there anyone who could spend that much money when eggs could be beaten with a fork? It was surely a great invention, though, and Bessie and I looked at it in wonder.

As soon as the egg was beaten nice and white, Mamma put a little sugar in it and beat it again. When the cakes were covered with the frosting and topped with the red cinnamon candies they looked so beautiful that the tragedies of farm life and the lack of new hats were gone for the moment, at least from *my* mind.

The next afternoon Bessie and I helped Papa get cheese ready to sell, for Papa made cheese, using milk from our own cows and some he bought from the neighbors. He had two vats and an old press he had used when we lived in town at the cheese factory. He hoped selling it would help with expenses. It did, but prices were so low for everything that sometimes he would get only six, seven or eight cents a pound for it, though "he made the best cheese in the state" everyone said.

Often he would have to take his pay at the general stores in groceries. If too much were taken in trade, where would he get the money to pay the farmers who sold milk to us? Papa always managed some way but I, and even little Bessie, knew that it was hard. Sometimes he would come home from a trip quite pleased, having sold all his cheese, receiving part of the pay in money, but at other times he would have some cheese left and only things like rice, prunes, and oatmeal to show for what he had sold.

But each time there was fresh hope. This afternoon Bessie and I rubbed and rubbed the cheese so there was no hint of white film. While Papa took care of the large cheese, we put the small ones in their boxes and, carrying them out (*Continued on page* 605)

Temple Marriage

One night I stood outside the temple gates
And waited for the friends who were inside.
I waited quite a time,
And in those moments, I saw and pondered many things.

I looked upon the solid, stately walls
Which separate Temple Square and set it from the world apart,
Then upward to the lighted spires
And upward until my eyes rested upon that grandest
Pinnacle, atop which stands that glorious likeness
Of the Angel Moroni.
Above, the sky was black in contrast,
Filled with glimmering stars.

Upon the street were many a hurried footstep,
Couples, arms entwined, or holding hands,
Walked forth in eagerness, faces alight with purpose,
To enter, and be welcomed through the gate.
Groups of every age, hurrying, intent on the joyous task at hand
Poured through the gate.

A bride, carrying a bouffant wedding dress,
Careful lest it be crushed, made her exit from those doors;
The realization of her dreams written upon her face.
Her husband beside her,
Their parents close at hand.

Young and old, I thought, here are the faithful.

Then I saw my own dear friends approach,
Faces alight with the inspiration they had felt within
Those walls, of the worthwhile accomplished,
Buoyed up and generated by covenants renewed,
Eyes shining from the burning of the Spirit within.

Out the heavy doors they came, down the path
To the outside world, carrying an essence of heaven with them.

I was alone.
I alone had waited outside that night.
With the waiting, the seeing, the feeling, came a clear
Realization of how my own choice had placed me there,
Of how, those years ago, I thought that love
Could win the desires of my heart and soul, without a doubt.
Now only God could know the yearning of my soul.

My love of husband even stronger now,
And with three children ours to love and guide,
I knew the truth: True love cannot be fulfilled
That does not encompass the gospel of Jesus Christ.
On, then, to dinner with the friends for whom I'd waited,
To sit about the table and hear their conversation,
Feel the strength they had derived from their loving service
For the dead.
See the emotion and almost into the souls of the
Family who had been sealed that very day.

Onward, then, with new resolve and courage
I must go.
Twelve years had passed since my wedding day,
Years of hope, faith, love, learning, and a vast multitude
Of life's experiences.
And yet how long the journey and how steep the pathway
I did not know.
Onward, then, with tools of love and understanding
To strive, and earn with faith unwavering and deeds to
Supplement that faith, to qualify, with the one I love,
For eternal life.

Years have passed, and still hope lives.

If I could leave one message for my children,
It would be this:
Never make a choice in life that leaves you
Waiting *outside* the house of God.
For if you do, it may be you will find yourself and those you love
Outside throughout eternity.
I leave my testimony with you that *nothing, nothing in this world*
Could compensate for the loss of this,
The greatest of all blessings.



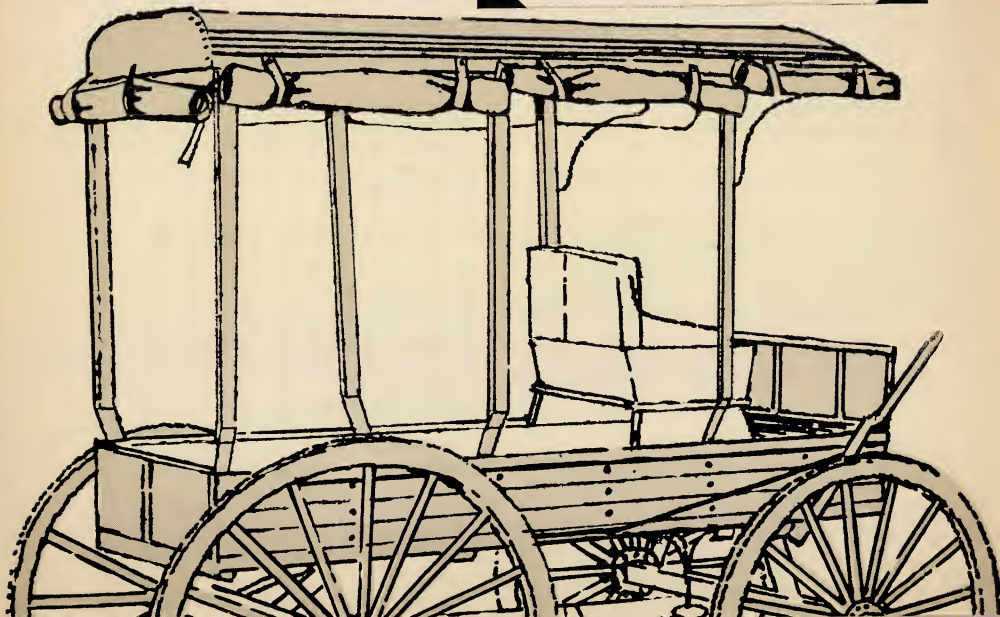
Our camp



Amy



Barney and
some of his pelts



SAGEBRUSH SOLILOQUY

by James C. Knollin

Through the gates of memory, we glimpse, with a San Francisco advertising executive, a young couple's early honeymoon adventures in the bear country of wilderness Idaho.

Looking back over the milestones of an eventful life, some attained in later years seem dimly out of focus. But nostalgia endows a few of the earliest with crystal clarity. One of these was a 1916 camping trip in southeastern Idaho, an adventure punctuated by bears, equine antics and—Barney, the hunter, one of the last of his kind, who had *lived* the events dramatized in today's TV westerns.

Even now, after more than forty years, I can smell the pungent spice of that high-country sagebrush and the heady perfume of the pines following a thunderstorm. I can see the soaring, jagged peaks of the Grand Tetons across the Wyoming line, fifty miles to the east but seemingly within easy walking distance so clear was the atmosphere, the rising sun tinting their summer snow-plumes with rose and gold. And I can hear the gentle rustling of quaking-aspen leaves to the accompaniment of gurgling ice water in the rocky stream bed that threaded our campsite.

I was twenty-two; my bride, Amy, twenty-one; and we were on a delayed honeymoon. Discomforts that today would seem almost unbearable were accepted as merely a challenge to youthful enthusiasm; for example, our transportation for the rutted, lava-strewn roads was a glorified buckboard with canvas top and roll-down side curtains, colloquially termed a "hack." This rough-riding vehicle was drawn by a team of wiry bays, both seemingly tireless, one of them utterly unpredictable. (A few early Model "T" Fords were operating in the area, but none as yet had negotiated the mountain fastness that was our destination.)

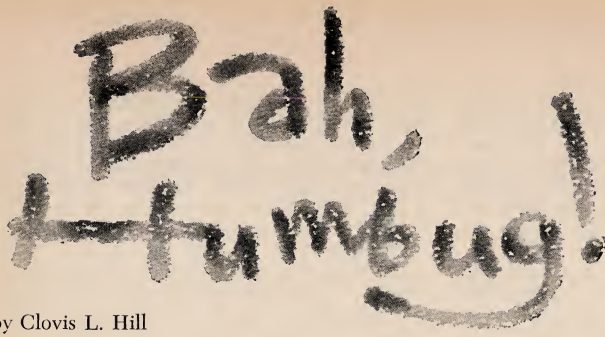
Our borrowed horses, introduced to us by the improbable names of "Cody" and "George," were look-alikes; but right there all resemblance ceased. They differed in temperament as much as a phlegmatic Scandinavian from a hot-blooded Latin. Cody, the mare, was gentle, steady, tractable. George, the gelding, was a complex personality best characterized by one trait that came near being our undoing.

Whenever this team was being harnessed to the wagon, George would stand quietly yet obviously as tense as a tightly wound spring. Then, the moment the fourth trace or "tug" was hooked to his side of the doubletree, he would unwind—snorting, kicking, rearing, and bolting.

Briefed by the owner, I knew what to do. The problem was to do it quickly and surely enough. A near miss could be disastrous, George having no patience with indecision. The trick was to leave one's passenger at a safe distance, cramp the front wheels of the hack, grip both reins tightly in one hand, and, with the other, suddenly hook the last tug on George's side; then vault into the seat and let him run, taking Cody along for the fun of it. By steering them in a wide circle, I could return to the point of sudden departure, stop, assist my wife to the seat beside me and take off again in the desired direction.

No one could explain to us why George was that way. All who drove him followed the line of least resistance, which was to adjust human strategy to his. Anything could happen, but generally there was no more trouble until it came time to hook that fourth tug again.

Our goal was a stockman's summer range in the Caribou Mountain, then (*Continued on page* 589)



democracy, family

by Clovis L. Hill

Government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" is supposed to be good government. Fourth of July speakers say democratic principles foster initiative, guarantee freedom of speech, and assure the pursuit of happiness.

"Be democratic in your family councils," a Brigham Young University Leadership Week lecturer said.

Democracy in the family? Not this one. Not any more. Democracy may mean good government, but it also means painful blisters, aching muscles, wounded pride, loss of status.

Our heretofore democratic family consists of two parents and four children. Kathleen is ten ("I'm a subteen and almost eleven"); Bradley, a toothy nine; Dave is six; and Dianne, four.

We try to hold a family night every Wednesday. This poses some problems as Carol is Relief Society president of our ward and a member of the Golden Avenue P-TA executive board. I'm a high school teacher with extracurricular responsibilities that include service as a San Diego Stake high councilman and seminary teacher.

But about family night and democracy. The scene is Provo where I'm a visiting instructor at BYU's summer session. While I'm the titular head of our household, it is really Carol who determines policy. "What would you like to do for family night?" This from the prime minister just identified—nothing Churchillian about that face and figure though—but back to democracy. "Maybe something different?" queried she whom I had promised to love, honor, and cherish—or was it obey?

"We want to climb the 'Y' (purportedly the highest block letter in the world visible on a mountainside)," chorused the boys.

"We want to see *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*," chimed the girls.

Two votes were cast for the hearth and popcorn. A stalemate. Discussion ensued. When the delegation was polled, results showed three votes for climbing to the "Y," two for the show, and one for popcorn.

"Climb to the 'Y' we will then!" This exultant cry from Carol. Traitor! I should have known, even though she was one of the first ballot popcorn votes. She had climbed Timpanogos once and still boasts of the white spot worn on the seat of new blue jeans when she slid down the glacier ten years ago. Too, she hiked to the bottom of Grand Canyon twice. Besides, her grandfather had pulled assorted handcarts across the plains, with one hand while warding off Indian attacks with the other, I'm led to believe.

Driving up to the base of "Y" mountain, we parked the car and eagerly began the climb; some of us eagerly. The boys shunned the path, heading straight up a forty-degree slope like flies wearing suction cups. Kathleen chose her mother as a hiking companion. This left Dianne and me. "Daddy, is it really the highest 'Y' in the world?"

"That's what they say. Shall we start?" Democratic? Sure. Note the non-directiveness, the comradery.

"What do ya say we take the trail, OK?"

The trail it was. We would help one another, I explained. I'd never make it the way the boys were going . . . using the trail is no picnic, either. . . .

For a four-year old she can walk fast. "Let's rest, Sis, and look at the view." Below us to the west lay Provo. What a picture! A conglomerate of green—green fields, green trees, green grass—framed by Utah Lake and ringed by the rugged mountains of the Wasatch fuses the present to the past: two-storied, sturdy brick homes of an earlier era rest beside the horizontal steel, glass, and synthetic structures of the impatient twentieth century. Gray asphalt streets crisscrossing the floor of the valley seem to lace the intermingled cultures and incongruous architectural patterns together. Punctuating the outlying green fields brown and white cattle graze as their kind have done in Utah Valley for more than a century. A freight train gives a convulsive wheeze as it spews grayish smoke into the air.

"Come on, Dad; everybody's way ahead of us," Dianne said with an impatient frown.

night, and mountain climbing.

We continued. . . . A recent rain had loosened small rocks and softened the soil. This made the climb "more exciting" as the boys put it later. The brief rest and feigned enthusiasm did little to ward off the reality of the problem—the mountain. Unaccustomed exertion and altitude began to take their inexorable toll. With heart pounding and legs the consistency of Jello, I managed a controlled gasp. "Dianne, let's stop a minute while I tie your shoe."

"It isn't untied, Dad. Let's hurry. We're never going to get there."

"Oh, so it isn't. Well, let's go on then." From up the trail we heard two feminine voices in gay song: "I love to go a-hiking along the mountain trail, balderee, balderall—"

"Falderall! That's what it is—Falderall. I'd love to go a-hiking. I'd love to pop some corn. I'd love to be home reading the sports page. Besides, I should be correcting some papers."

"Why are you puffing, Dad?" Kathleen shouted, somewhat tantalizingly it seemed to me. "My hike-o-meter shows only three-eighths of a mile."

Three-eighths of a mile! Seems more like eighty. There oughta be a different kind of measurement. They should count mountain climbing miles something like the gasoline people measure ton miles, or whatever it is, in the economy runs. Let's see: body weight times waist measurement, times age, divided by Provo elevation over accustomed elevation squared, minus blood pressure to get a standard score. This could be expressed in a percentile norm which should take into consideration the degree of large muscle activity associated with a given occupation—but maybe the heat's getting me.

"You're thinking, aren't you, Dad?" This from my hiking buddy who would often snap me out of my reverie at home with this question.

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

"Daddy, carry me. My legs hurt." She was tired. Carry her I did.

Shade cast by a gnarled oak twenty yards up the trail beckoned. My temples were pounding. A wave of nausea swept over me. I felt like I was going to be sick. Lungs unused to such exertion and altitude protested. Pain stabbed at my back. But on and on! Over hill, over dale! "It's little more than a mile," friends had said.

Reaching the shade we rested momentarily. "Let's walk awhile now, Sis."

"But, Daddy."

"When I was on the track team, the coach told me not to stop suddenly after a race. He said keep striding, or your legs will tie up. You don't want your legs to tie up, do you?"

"Were you on the track team at BYU, Dad?"

"No."

"Oh, in high school?"

"No—er—well, I was the third fastest boy in the seventh grade at my school—and I was eraser monitor," I added lamely.

The look of indifference told me I'd lost stature. Fathers can't afford to lose stature with their daughters. They must be big, and strong, and brave.

"Want to ride on my shoulders again, Sis?" At least I could make a show of being strong. "Give me men to match my mountains—hah!"

She assented. "I love to hideaway, out beside that Utah trail. . . ." I'm afraid my show of bravado wasn't very convincing. What was once a trim waist bulged bellows-like ahead of me, protruding and receding as I gasped for breath in the thin air.

"New hope was kindled for ahead was our goal," as they say on TV. A block letter "Y" formed of white-washed rocks some 200 yards ahead was like an oasis to a desert traveler.

There, beside the elongated "Y," we had our family night, Mother presiding, I recuperating.

"Who was Joseph Smith?" This from Carol, not one to miss an opportunity to teach the children the gospel. Kathleen, eager to respond (I suspect she's a hand waver at school), Bradley carefully eyeing a beetle, David throwing (*Continued on page* 593)

■ One Sunday the regular teacher of a Sunday School class was absent, and one of the ward members was called upon at the last minute to act as a substitute. She came into class a little late, and the students were already restless and noisy. The poise with which this charming woman created her atmosphere in that class was like a miracle. She said nothing about order, but the dignity of her own refinement made it apparent that order was appropriate. She told a story, and every student in the class lived it with the telling. The story and the subject of the lesson are long since forgotten, but the lady and the feeling she gave about the gospel and herself still live in memory. That was contagious teaching.

Recently a mature student said to his teacher, "I'm getting far more from you than from your lessons." He seemed to imply that he valued other things exemplified by the teacher more than he valued the content of the lesson. We learn by contagion when what the teacher *is* and what the teacher *does* give lasting impressions about life and the gospel. Every teacher might appropriately ask himself, "How much more are my students getting from me than lesson content?" Or perhaps teachers could ask themselves, "What kind of things are my students learning by contagion in my classes?" Looked at from this point of view, teaching a lesson will involve whatever is heard, seen, felt, or thought during the class period.

We have often been reminded that example is the best teacher, but we seldom realize the implications of this truth in classroom situations. Nor have we commonly applied "example" to the feeling as well as to the seeing side of experience. We say we would rather see a sermon than hear one, but we could also appropriately say that we would rather feel the spiritual strength of a person than to hear his testimony.

The following are a few situations where these principles may apply to classroom teaching situations:

The objective of a lesson, for example, is to teach the importance of knowledge and that a man is saved no faster than he obtains knowledge. The teacher comes to class unprepared and reads the lesson to students. ("The book says it much better than I can," is the excuse.) What does the class learn about the importance of knowledge? With their ears they hear some words on this subject, but their teacher has taught them through actual experience that knowledge is not important. If it were, the teacher would have it. He would not simply read the lesson; he would



know it and speak from his heart. When a teacher reads the lesson in class, or permits the members of the class to discuss "anything they would like to for today," or spends all of the time on his own pet subject, he is surely teaching negatively about the manual lesson, the gospel, and himself.

The same may be said of the teacher who uses an easy excuse for absenting himself from class. Students know that if teachers consider their responsibility important they will be present whenever possible. Teachers easily discredit themselves and their position when they show students that knowledge is not important to them, and neither is service.

A few years ago a young woman complained that although she loved the gospel she hated to go to Sunday School. She reported that her teacher was well prepared, but she came away from class depressed and almost rebellious. Lively discussions took place, but they left her disappointed and frustrated. She wanted to fight against something, but did not know just what to fight. The weekly "debate," where no positive conclusion was reached, left her with a feeling of insecurity. The teacher was trying to create an intellectual atmosphere; he was promoting class participation; but this girl was learning uncertainty, frustration, and insecurity by contagion.

Some teachers take egotistical pride in being realistic. They "discover" that some leader was human or that some hero made a mistake, and then they begin to play up these events. Under these circumstances, great truths and encouraging examples are sometimes minimized because someone wants to be "honest" about history. There is no objection to being honest about history, but we should keep all things in their proper perspective.

Every teacher needs to keep in mind his primary objective. Students may learn from such procedure the false idea that the important things to look for in understanding history are weakness and mistakes. They may learn by contagion to enlarge the human side of the Church and its leaders, and to minimize the divine.

Other teachers leave students thrilled with conviction. They have gleaned from history its great salient truths. They have found greatness in men to illustrate desirable qualities of character. They have found God's purpose being realized through the inspiration and devoted service of some of his children. Feeling strongly about these things themselves, such teachers have (*Continued on page* 604)



Teaching by Contagion

by Albert L. Payne
Associate Director, Salt Lake Institute of Religion

STRAIT IS THE GATE

Leadership Development

by Sterling W. Sill *Assistant to the Council of the Twelve*



There are thousands of roads leading to every conceivable destination.

One of the most important secrets of leadership success, whether in the Church or elsewhere, finds its best expression in the familiar statement of Jesus wherein he said, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: . . . Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Matt. 7:13-14.)

It is granted that everyone wants to be happy and everyone wants to be successful. And yet so many people with high goals and worthy ambitions arrive at an unplanned and an unwanted destination. The reason being that the road leading to success and happiness is so narrow that most people are unable to stay within bounds for a sufficient length of time. The natural tendencies of people require a broader road than real success will permit. A broad road is easier to follow; it has more room for side-stepping and meandering. The broad road does not limit one to straight thinking or self-discipline. We have a tendency to want more latitude than a narrow road can give. Have you ever heard of anyone getting off the straight and narrow way at right angles. Failure

begins by merely broadening the way. Our inclinations so frequently entice us to explore the side roads that don't take us where we want to go.

Far too much time of the ordinary traveler is spent on the detours and the dead-end streets. There are thousands of roads leading to every conceivable destination. Some of these are easy and pleasant because they have so few restrictions. They are broad enough to permit many kinds of activity not compatible with success.

In our journey toward accomplishment many things must be considered. A worthy objective is important. A fine ambition is wonderful. Great enthusiasm is helpful. But we had also better make certain about the road itself on which the journey is to be made. All great achievement, whether it be intellectual, social, physical, spiritual, or financial is reached by the narrow road in the exact meaning that Jesus attached to this term.

We all know, for example, that concentration is important to success. Gladstone, when asked the secret of his successful career, answered with one word, "Concentration." Emerson said the same thing. That is also what Jesus meant when he said, ". . . if therefore thine eye be single. . . ." (See *ibid.*, 6:22.) "A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." (James 1:8; see also 4:8.) "No man can serve two masters." (Matt. 6:24.) Concentration is not a six-lane highway. Concentration is achieved by limiting the scope. We narrow the vision, tune out distractions and focus the aim.

Decision is another of the important ingredients of success. Decision is also narrow. Decision is the gate; performance is the way. We must make up our minds about specific things, then focus our attention and go by the compass, not by our whims. If one is to be specific and exact, he must give up vagueness and generalities. Success decrees that decisions must be made, standards must be set up. Latitudes must be restricted. Inharmonious things must be ruled out of bounds. The song that says, "Don't fence me in" does not describe the narrow way that leads to success.

Self-discipline is also narrow. Take for example those people who are troubled by obesity. The principle causing their problem is the broad road. If the weight is to be reduced it merely means a more narrow way. Certain things must be placed out of bounds. Restrictions must be imposed. Limitations must be placed on intake. A tighter reign must be held on the appetite. The greater the desired reduction, the narrower the road must be.

In the Word of Wisdom the Lord merely narrowed the road leading to health by putting certain things out of bounds. The four million alcoholics in the United States were at one time splendid people. None of them deliberately set out for the dreadful place at which they arrived. They probably had fine ideals and good intentions. They certainly wanted to live happy, useful, respected lives. Their mistake came only because they made their road too broad.

So frequently we hold in our minds great objectives and high ideals at the very moment that our hands are reaching for forbidden things and our feet are taking us down the broad road that leads to destruction.

Some people call themselves "broadminded." But their span of thinking sometimes gets so extended that many undesirable things get into the program. We describe an interesting trait called tolerance, which often implies a yielding of ground. We moderate and compromise. Society has become very tolerant about the use of alcohol, delinquency, sin, and ignoring religious commandments. We have become very tolerant of things that cause failure. We have become very tolerant of the broad road itself. We tend to believe too much in "the happy ending," regardless of which road is taken. Broadmindedness has sometimes been compared to the Powder River—very broad but very shallow. It is the narrow stream that goes deep to form the torrent that tears away the mountainside.

There are some religious organizations that say it doesn't matter much which church you belong to, or what you do in the church. They say all people have good in them and will all get to the same place in the end. We hear that it doesn't matter so much what you believe or what you do; it is pleasing to some people to adopt a very broad, loose, winding road where anything will fit.

Whatever we may think about the God of salvation, isn't it interesting that the God of nature is narrow? At sea level, water boils at 212° F., not 210°. Water freezes at 32° F., but not at 34°. The God of science is narrow. Objects heavier than air are always attracted toward the center of the earth. They never make an exception. That seems very narrow, but that is the way it is.

The return of a planet from a five hundred million mile orbit can be foretold to the minute. Planets are given no latitude for meandering. Electricity is narrow. A compass will always point to the magnetic north, never to the east or west. A compass is not very broadminded. Mathematics is narrow. Two times two is always four, never three and seven-eighths. If you have ever had an airplane ride through a violent storm which required an instrument landing, you may remember how you prayed for a narrow-minded pilot. One flash (*Continued on page* 588)

Conclusion:

The Thirsty Farms of Iran

by L. M. Winsor



It is imperative . . . that the common man be given a chance for "a place in the sun."



Not waiting for further reports the director general went immediately to the area, arriving in the evening. He obtained a horse and rode northeast from the city. He spotted a group of girls and women who had gathered from three villages in the vicinity with clay jugs, empty oil cans, goatskins, and whatnot, for water and for their daily domestic gossip. Water was obtained from an open well about eight to ten feet deep. They walked barefooted down steps that had been worn deep, the sand clinging to the bottom of their feet as they climbed out of the water up the steps.

When they were gone, the director decided that he *must* taste the water even though fifteen or more pairs of feet had been in it. He did so and found it to be "good." Next morning three crews of diggers were put to work at various angles pointing toward the sand-rock covered hills from which the water must surely come. In less than a day their digging revealed a broad expanse of underground water coming from under an area of light-colored sand dunes between the well and the foothill range of mountains. Immediately *ghnat* diggers were put to work, three crews of them in doubleshifts of twelve hours each, beginning on the low land below the first well, but between it and Bushire.

Bushire is made of flat-top or dome-covered buildings, constructed so as to catch rain water, which is run into cisterns cut out of the sand rock and plastered. In these water is stored for domestic use. Most of these cisterns had gone dry when this emergency developed.

As soon as digging was begun on the *ghnats,* an effort was made to procure pipe. The water, when developed, would have to be carried to the base of the island upon which the city is built, a distance of about 22 kilometers or 13.6 miles.

A low ridge connects the mainland with the base of the island. It is inundated at high tide. This, too, would have to be crossed.

First a way had to be found for making the pipe

for none could be purchased during World War II. Clay molders who tread turntables by foot were engaged. On the turntables huge masses of clay were placed and molded into pipes 14 inches in diameter and 18 inches long, with a bell end. These were burned and vitrified to make them watertight. This was done while the *ghnat* lines were being dug. When enough water was procured to fill the pipe, digging ceased.

The pipe was buried in a trench, then the portion crossing the ridge was completely covered with a heavy coating of sandy soil into which was mixed a rich supply of lime to make a plaster that would keep salt water out.

A reservoir was built. Used pipe was procured from Anglo-Iranian Oil Company for delivering the water from the reservoir to the city. A pump was installed and water, good water, was delivered to the main centers of Bushire, where people could come and fill their vessels without restraint. What rejoicing! One seldom has the opportunity to see streams of tears flowing down hundreds of dusky cheeks. Tears of gratitude.

This job was supervised entirely by an able Iranian engineer, Farzoneh.

A project that saved villagers in lower Zayendi Rud (River) from famine was carried out before the Bushire undertaking.

The director general received a request (through the Minister of Agriculture) signed by the heads of over 300 villages in the lower Zayendi Rud valley below Isfahan, an ancient capital city. Most of the signatures were by "thumb print." They could not write their own names.

In substance the petition read: "All the water of Zayendi Rud is being consumed and wasted by the water users above Isfahan. Our grain crop is coming in head but the ends of the heads are already turning white because of no moisture in the soil. We must have help, water, at once or we die. Please help us."

Immediately I drove to Zayendi Rud. I found canals and ditches in the upper valley filled to overflowing. Water was wasting in swamps and lowlands.

In the lower valley, there was no water. Wheat *was* turning white at the ends of the heads. It *had* to have water at once or it would not mature.

The valley is about 250 kilometers (155 miles)

At one farm I found a man and his wife and older boys drawing bull hide buckets of brackish water from a well fifty feet or so deep and pouring it onto his grain crop. He said, without stopping work: "You see, we are trying to save a little. But the water, 'he' is not good."

I returned to Isfahan and asked the governor general to call a meeting of all the village chiefs in the valley. The meeting was duly called, and a plan was presented. By careful distribution there would be water enough for all, so I asked for complete control of the river for two weeks. Some of the upper users were growing rice, and rice requires inundation all the time. These users were afraid that they would be cut short.

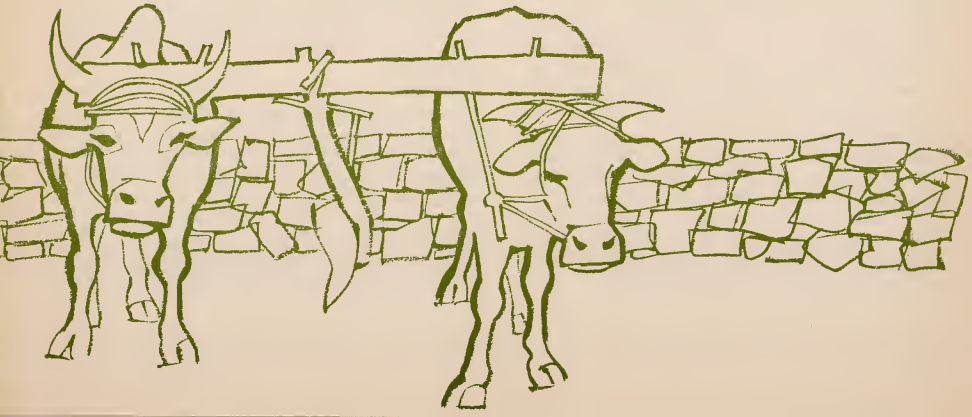
I explained that all I wished to do was to make an equitable distribution based upon the crops they were growing, and I promised them that no one would suffer.

I called for a show of hands of all who would support the plan. Only a few hands came up. They were not used to voting. They had always been *told* what to do.

Finally after further explanation I called for a standing vote. Every man stood up.

Early next morning the division of water began at the first diversion. Two armed soldiers were left at each canal intake, these to be replaced after twelve hours of duty.

It was near the close of the second day when I reached the last diversion, where two canals take out side by side on each side of the river bed and run in this manner for some distance. There were over



100 men near the intake when I arrived. They had been cleaning sand and gravel from the canals and piling it high on the banks. Also they had stretched a long canopy of woven goat's hair overhead to make a shelter from the sun, and had spread a mat of carpets underneath upon which they had spread simple refreshments in honor of the American (*Parzan*) who was bringing water to their ditches.

Providence helped, too, because it rained in the mountains and increased the flow in the river.

While we partook of refreshment, the question was asked: "Will the water really come?" The answer was: "Yes, it will be here very soon."

One skeptical user mounted a skinny horse and rode up the dry streambed. Presently he returned, whipping his pony into a run and shouting:

"It comes, it comes, the water comes." Everybody but me rushed to the high banks. I approached more slowly. As the water began pouring into the canals, I saw tears streaming down the dirty cheeks of many men.

They crowded around me wanting to touch my clothes. Some fell down and kissed my boots. All were grateful and wanted to show it in some way.

One man said: "We have asked before for governmental help. Never until now has it come. And it was brought by an American."

Irrigation is a very old art in Iran. There is evidence of cities that must have housed over a million people. The old buildings are in such complete ruin that there is not a trace to the casual observer. But to one who is looking for evidence there are marks of discernment. One such city existed just north of Ahwaz on the south of Karun River. My time would not permit me to make a complete study, but I did find scraps of irrefutable evidence.

One such find was when I discovered bits of an ancient crucible hewn out of sandstone in which glass had been melted. A layer of glass one-half inch thick is sticking to the pieces of sandstone which I found. Then I found the bottom of a small glass bottle, one that may have been made for perfume.

These large cities were located on or near large irrigation systems. Just south of the ruins indicated is evidence that River Karun was diverted into two immense canals. One of these covered the plain north of the river and west also southwest to the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

The other one on the south side was the largest canal I have ever seen or that I know of having been built anywhere. It had a series of short tunnels at the intake. It ran southwest through the present city of Ahwaz, then turned south about ten miles below Ahwaz, then southeast. It was about 600 feet wide at a point two miles southwest of Ahwaz.

The first diversion laterals were larger than the largest of the Snake River canals in Idaho. These have until now, been considered to be of mammoth proportions.

In more recent times, 2500 years or so ago, a combination diversion dam and bridge was built across River Diz, presumably by the Romans. This consisted of a series of arches. Most of the structure is still standing.

It would require a relatively small amount of work to put the diversion system into operation again.

The ancient irrigation layout is easily discernible from the air. It covers lands at least twenty miles wide and fifty miles long.

Northwest of Kum and south of Saveh, is an ancient arch dam built of stone and some kind of very hard cement mortar. The dam is still standing intact, except that water has gone under it. A very little work will restore this magnificent structure for use again.

Some say that the mortar was made by grinding well-burned clay then mixing it with lime and using a limited amount of eggs in the mix. At any event, the native builders still make mortar of burned clay and lime. Eggs are used extensively for eating, but the supply is much more limited than it was when wild fowl were plentiful, and when grain was more abundant than now. Today they have many chickens, but chickens are scavengers. They must find their own food.

Persian builders have retained the art of making arches and domes. They do it without the use of forms for support. They extend one adobe brick, or one rock, out a little beyond the course beneath. All the while they keep a counter balance behind them which prevents the arch from falling in. Finally the "key brick" or the "keystone" is put in place, and the arch is complete.

In making a dome, the bricks or adobes are placed so that each ring is a little smaller than the ring below. Each ring has a keystone (or key brick), and the whole is self-supporting.

The better buildings are covered by domes. Drainage from the domes is directed into cisterns so that no water is lost. In this way all rain water is saved for domestic use.

There are signs of many earth-fill dams for storage of irrigation water; but none have been in use since they were destroyed by invaders more than two thousand—probably over twenty-six hundred years ago.

However, storage water was extremely limited on the uplands—that occupy one half of the interior. A high mountain range extends from west to east across the northern provinces. This range is about 12,500 feet high, with Mount Damavand, about forty miles northeast of Teheran, (*Continued on page* 586)

The Era of Youth

AUGUST 1960

Marion D. Hanks, Editor; Elaine Cannon, Associate Editor



SUMMING UP SUMMER

Summer is campfires and singing . . .
the strum of a uke.
It's crickets and watermelon, swimming,
and sunburn. It's new faces and places . . .
new combos and couples . . .
new meaning to an old song.
Summer is odd jobs, big dreams,
adventures . . .
and lonely nights gazing at the stars.
It's pingpong on the patio and reading
beneath a tree. It's climbing a mountain
and roping a calf. It's giggles and
gliders, drive-ins, and long, lazy days
with no homework.
Summing it up, taking in every last bit of it
with wide open eyes, ears and heart,
summer is just about the nicest thing
that can happen to anybody . . .
especially when you are young!



ELEVEN years ago, our grand old neighbor, Bryant S. Hinckley, then eighty-two years of age, walked through his orchard one day to behold an unusual sight in the back of our lot. My brother-in-law, another neighbor, my three sons, aged eight, eleven, and fourteen, and I were pouring footings for a new barn. The old red barn had crashed to earth in a strong wind, and the boys and I decided to build a new one. This was to be rugged, rustic, of our own design, and to be built with our own hands. So off to Weber Canyon we had gone, sixty-five miles away, and hauled down load after load of poles and slabs in a big truck.

What Brother Hinckley saw that summer morning pleased him. He patted the boys on the shoulder and said, "That's the way to do. No boy ever becomes a man until he learns to love to work."

Many young folks look upon work as a duty, a necessary evil, or even a curse. They associate fun with eating, playing, entertainment, or a car ride. If it were not for the necessity of getting money, some might never lift a hand to work.

Work can be fun and can satisfy a person's desires as few things can. When I was fourteen years of age and my brother sixteen, we went to work on a ranch 180 miles from home, driving all day in a chain-driven truck to get there.

Uncle Teddy was our employer, a man who had as much courage in adversity as any man I have ever known. He had a way with boys. Seldom did he give detailed instructions; he simply told us what to do and expected us to do it. The first time we harnessed a team of horses, the collars went on upside down. One day we were told to clear off ten acres of sagebrush. We had never done anything like this before and were making slow progress. So I went to find Uncle Teddy to get him to tell us how to do it. His answer was simply that a neighbor boy, whom we had thought quite stupid, had grubbed out ten acres the previous spring and done a fine job. Nothing more needed to be said; we cleared the field of brush.

Before the summer was over, we had changed the course of a mountain creek, dug a new canal, put in miles of fencing, and helped put up a stack or two of hay every day for weeks. But best of all, we had come to feel strength in our shoulders, backs, arms, and legs. More thrilling than our physical strength, however, was the self-confidence we had gained. No longer were we afraid of tackling any new job.

After working for Uncle Teddy for two summers, I was afraid of no man. I suppose if the Lord had asked me to run the universe, I would have answered, "Yes sir, when shall I begin," so great was the strength, courage, self-confi-

Sw
of
thy

BY LOWELL L. BENNION

In the heat of the day

dence, and independence of spirit that I had gained.

In my observations of college students for some twenty-five years, my own earlier experience has been verified again and again. Boys and girls who like to work, who have learned to use their hands, who have stayed with the job in the face of great difficulty, are the happiest and most successful in study and in marriage.

Some twenty years ago two quiet, unassuming freshman boys came to us from their farms in Fielding, Utah. They were not unusually brilliant boys, but were very steady and conscientious. I suppose they had thinned beets day after day until every muscle in their bodies ached. They applied their work habits to their studies, and today they both have Ph.D.'s in science and are teaching at two major universities in the United States.

One spring our fraternity at the institute of religion decided to have a new kind of party. The committee in charge searched out widows, the aged, the afflicted in the vicinity of the university. Then they divided the boys and girls into groups of six, with a captain over each group. Homes and yards were cleaned with enthusiasm, and in fellowship and the vigor of youth.

After the day's work, the groups came together in the recreation hall where hot sandwiches, salad, ginger ale, and pie ala mode were served.

Then the fellows and girls "kicked up



In the sweat of thy face (continued)

their heels" in a Virginia reel and many other old-fashioned dances. The governor's son remarked, "I've never had so much real fun in one day in my whole life."

Another work experience was equally rewarding. One Sunday morning the leader of the institute priesthood group said, "Brethren, we've talked about priesthood here all winter. Don't you think it's time we did something in the name of our priesthood?"

"All right. What do you suggest?" asked a member.

"Well, let's clean up yards for some widows next Saturday," the leader replied.

In arranging for places to work, a woman was called on the telephone to see if she needed some help. Her reply was, "How much will this cost me?" The answer was, "Nothing. Some college boys want to help you just for fun and fellowship."

This good sister broke down and wept, and said something as follows: "I have been a widow for eight years. I live alone. This is the first time anyone has ever offered to help me in a physical, tangible way."

Think of it! No neighbor, no Boy Scout troop, no Aaronic or Melchizedek Priesthood quorum, no MIA group of girls—all belonging



He slaps her back
"Was girls' camp fun?"
Ouch! can't he see
That she's well done?



"You might get freckled
Or a burn?"
(This shrouded spook
I'd like to spurn!)

Summer



This barbecue is
Great all right
Let neighbors sleep
Some other night.

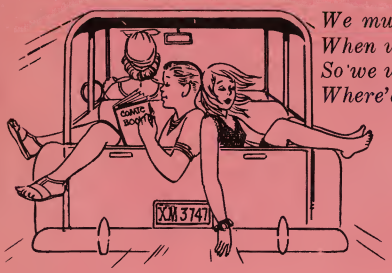
to the true Church of Jesus Christ—had ever thought to put their shoulders to the wheel to gladden the heart of a precious child of God.

A wise Father in heaven knew man's need when he sent Adam and Eve forth from the life of ease in the lush Garden of Eden to eat their bread "in the sweat of their face" with the remark, "Cursed is the ground *for thy sake*; . . . thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." (Gen. 3:17, 18.) These words in Ecclesiastes were meant for us too: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, (that is, thy labor under the sun) do it with thy might. . . . " (Ecc. 9:10.) ■■



For many years, Dr. Lowell L. Bennion has inspired generations of youth to greater faith, richer understanding, and increased devotion to the Church through his teaching, writing, and example. He has served as Director of the Salt Lake City Institute of Religion since 1934. He was graduated from the University of Utah with a BA degree in history and political science and served the Church as district president while in the Swiss German Mission from 1928 to 1931.

Elder Bennion pursued studies in Germany, Austria, and France and obtained his doctorate in social philosophy from the University of Strasborg, in 1933. He has been a member of the high council of the East Mill Creek (Utah) Stake and is now a high councilman in the University (Utah) Stake. He is presently a member of the M Men committee on the general board of the YMMIA. Elder Bennion married Merle Colton in the Salt Lake Temple, and they have five children.



We must look brown
When we get home;
So we will sun
Where'er we roam.



This farmer's melons
Look so good
We'll help ourselves—
D'you think we should?

Fun . . .

and some are not



Our picnic was
A huge success
But we're too tired
To clean the mess



We'll leave our mark
For all to see
From here until
Eternity

OF Kids and Cars

When it comes to the juggling of the issues surrounding the use of cars, teens have definite ideas. Herewith a smattering of their views taken from taped interviews with representative boys and girls of various ages.



WHEN?

A lot depends on the parents, when and for what a teen gets to use the car • • • He should demonstrate that he is mature enough to accept the responsibility of driving • • • Not only is age important, but what kind of person the teen is • • • Some sixteeners are ready to handle a car and some just aren't • • • New drivers should be on probation by parents before they're allowed to have the car • • • There are fewer top grade scholars among car owners than non-car owners, percentage-wise, so it would seem that it is better for a teen to wait until after high school to own his own car • • • I bought my first car when I was 16, and I am an honor student, but my folks restrict my use of it somewhat • • • I get the car if I can prove my need for it • • • We take turns at our house using the car • • • I can have the car at night only if I have some definite place to go • • • Even though I can afford to buy it, my folks won't let me have my own car now because of the freedom it permits • • • When I use the family car, I pay for the gas • • • Teens should help foot the gas bill when they ride with each other, too • • • When should a girl be allowed to go with a boy in a car alone? When she's old enough to drive herself • • • Junior high girls shouldn't go out with boys old enough to drive, anyway, so that takes care of the age problem with girls and car dates • • • A girl should be sixteen, at least • • • I don't think young boys should be allowed to ride around with boys just old enough to drive, either.

WHERE?

There definitely should be rules concerning off-limit areas for teens in cars • • • Maybe daytime and nighttime driving should determine where a teen can take the car • • • Canyons, lonely roads, busy highways should be off-limits at night, anyway • • • If they'd make laws about where we could drive, it would save us embarrassment in front of other kids • • • It would help if parents would get together on what they will and won't allow because some teens can take the car anyplace, anytime, and that

makes it tough on the rest of us • • • Teens should not take the car great distances from home when they are inexperienced drivers • • • One who has had driver education probably is better qualified to drive to more places • • • Students who drive around during school hours aren't respected. Some of the nicest fellows I know are school leaders, and they don't drive to school. I wish they'd restrict cars at school • • • I don't think there should be any restrictions except those perhaps a family sets up for its own teen.

WHAT FOR?

A fellow needs a car for a date • • • A girl can't be expected to walk to the prom or anyplace in dressy clothes • • • Girls like boys with cars better • • • I take my car to school because I work after • • • Teens go more places and farther away from home these days, so you either have to have a car or be taxied around by parents and when you are of driving age, that's deadly! • • • Some of the nicest memories I have are walking dates • • • I'd rather walk than not be asked because a boy could not get a car • • • So many kids think you have to have a car for school, now, but really with so many driving it spoils the fun we used to have walking home in crowds.

WITH WHOM?

Lead me to the safe drivers. I've been in one accident, and that's one too many • • • Kids who take the car or who ride with a driver who isn't qualified or licensed are really foolish • • • Someone who has had driver training and had the right things emblazoned in his mind is the best kind to ride with • • • It's better to be a live "chicken" than a dead one • • • Steer clear of show-offs • • • If I were dating a boy who started to drive recklessly, I'd ask him to stop driving that way or else to please take me home • • • I'm not impressed by reckless, speedy drivers, I'm just plain scared • • • Cars are for dates • • • When you are knocking around with the crowd, you don't need one • • • I think it's a good idea to know who else will be in the car with you when you agree to go for a ride. You may get with a couple who wants to park or you may be with a crowd who are so noisy and wild they distract the driver.

HOW LATE?

I feel there should be a curfew enforced for all young people who are out in cars late. If there were, most of the problems could be controlled • • • Lateness depends on where you are going and what for • • • It's after midnight when kids get in trouble riding around in cars • • • It doesn't look good to be out late in cars • • • Parents worry when you don't get home • • • The time is a matter of maturity and responsibility of the teen driving • • • Depends on what the girl's parents say • • • A boy can't take a girl home before she says she has to, even if he drives her around all night • • • He can, too! It's his responsibility to take care of his date and that means getting her home at a decent hour and in one piece, no matter what she says or doesn't say • • • If a car is a means of picking up your date more quickly, and getting to the party more quickly, then it should be a means of getting home more quickly, too • • • If the family agrees to lend the car, he should be able to agree to be home when they want him to • • • Just because a teen is of driving age is no sign he or she can stay out any later than before • • • Some kids drive around at night aimlessly; even if it's only ten o'clock it's time to go home under those circumstances.



A SUMMARY

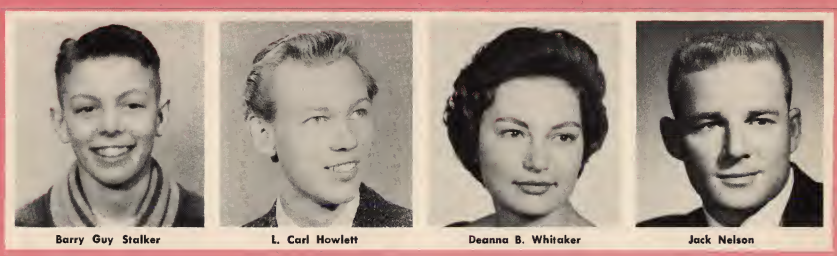
BY DR. VAUGHN W. HALL, UTAH STATE DIRECTOR OF DRIVER TRAINING, MEMBER OF THE YMMIA GENERAL BOARD, AND STATE DIRECTOR OF HEALTH, PHYSICAL EDUCATION, AND RECREATION.

An automobile can be a blessing or a curse depending upon the purpose and manner of its use.
—If it monopolizes time, money, and energy at the expense of good grades or participation in Church activities or the pursuit of other worthwhile objectives, it is an unwholesome thing.
—If it is driven carelessly or recklessly, it can be an instrument of terrible destruction.
—If it carries the clean and innocent to dark places where they tamper with tragedy, where they lose virtue and self-respect, reputation and quiet conscience, it is a plague.
—If it is used to nourish an already overfattened ego and entices one to break laws, it is a subtle tool of the adversary in undermining character.

But an automobile need do none of these. It can bless and bring joy to those who have the good sense to use it wisely and drive it carefully. It can be a useful tool for the accomplishment of wholesome purposes.

My experience with several thousand young people in driver education convinces me that, when given proper instruction and guidance in the use of the automobile, they can be among the wisest, safest, and most responsible of drivers.

Getting to know YOU



Barry Guy Stalker | L. Carl Howlett | Deanna B. Whitaker | Jack Nelson

ERA YOUTH WRITING CONTEST WINNERS

First place winner in the *Era of Youth* writing contest, 12-14 age group, is Barry Guy Stalker of Grace, Idaho. Barry's entry, "Friends," earned a $100 savings account in the bank of his choice for a future college or mission fund and a three-year subscription to *The Improvement Era.* Barry is secretary of his deacons quorum of Grace Ward, Bannock (Idaho) Stake, and scribe in his Scout troop.

First place winner in the 15-17 age group is 17-year-old L. Carl Howlett, whose home is in Draper, Utah. His title was "Make Mine God's Plan"—and he has a $100 savings account and a three-year subscription to the Era. Besides having quite a way with expressing his thoughts in words, Carl has won second place in a Metropolitan Science Fair exhibit. His hobby is physics and electronics.

An entry from Utah State University Stake, "Somebody to God," took top honors in the 18-25 year group for Deanna Whitaker, whose home is in Idaho. She says: "I love the gospel and the youth program of the Church—beyond a doubt it has made me what I am today." Deanna has a one year's tuition to Brigham Young University, or its equivalent in cash for an educational or mission fund, and a three-year subscription to the Era.

When Jack Nelson entered the short-short story division of our contest, with his title "The Third Date," he had an Austin, Texas, address. Now with his first prize of $100 cash and a three-year subscription to the Era, his address is still Texas—"Laredo," or, as he says, "I can be reached . . . c/o Spanish-American Mission." Congratulations, Elder Jack Nelson, and all you other winners.

AGE 12 TO 14

First
Barry Guy Stalker
Grace, Idaho

Second
Judy Robinson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Third
Jo Ann Jolley
Los Altos, California

Honorable Mention
Linda Lorraine Olson
Springfield, Virginia
Margaret Durham
Ogden, Utah
James Stuart Jardine
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Susan Grant
Ogden, Utah
Dianne Astle
Pittsburg, California

AGE 15 TO 17

First
L. Carl Howlett
Draper, Utah

Second
Cheryl Adams
Long Beach, California

Third
Karen Maxwell
Los Angeles, California

Honorable Mention
Elda Banner
Declo, Idaho
Grant Brand Walther
Anchorage, Alaska
Carol Ann Beesley
Bountiful, Utah
Verlynne Insley
Canoga Park, California
Roger S. Porter
Overton, Nevada

AGE 18 TO 25

First
Deanna B. Whitaker
Logan, Utah

Second
Mary Joan Ray
Provo, Utah

Third
Jay Ricarda V. Archuletta
Salt Lake City, Utah

Honorable Mention
James E. Sessions
Heyburn, Idaho
Shirley Huerta
Glendale, California
Marjorie Kaye Waite
Provo, Utah
Betty Jean Scarlf
Columbus, Indiana
Gladys Anderson
St. Ignatius, Montana

SHORT-SHORT STORY
29 and Under

First
Jack Nelson
Austin, Texas

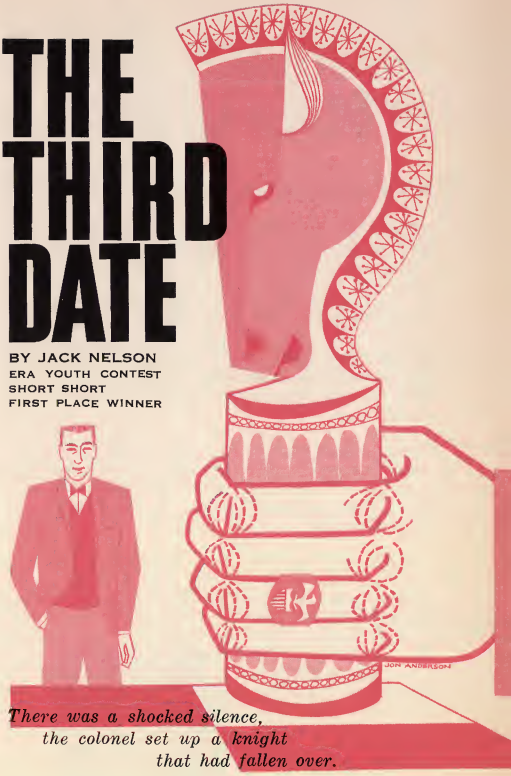
Second
George A. Mortimer
La Marque, Texas

Third
JoAnne Rhoades
Tabiona, Utah

Honorable Mention
Elaine D. Bush
Temple View, New Zealand
Marshall J. Nelson
Portland, Oregon
Jerald Ray Johansen
Tropic, Utah
Wilfred Moir, Jr.
Gladstone, Oregon

THE THIRD DATE

BY JACK NELSON
ERA YOUTH CONTEST
SHORT SHORT
FIRST PLACE WINNER



There was a shocked silence, the colonel set up a knight that had fallen over.

THEY went up the walk together. He wanted to reach out and take her hand, but somehow couldn't find the nerve.

Meeting the folks was never easy, but he felt that this girl was something special and that made it doubly hard. It was only their third date, and Wilf Grayson had a streak of shyness in him.

The mother was easy and gave a warm welcome. But the father, a stern-looking army officer, rose from his chair in the den, and seemed to pierce Wilf's very soul with searching ice-blue eyes.

Then they were introduced, and Carolyn swung off gaily into the kitchen. The colonel stood sizing him up, as if appraising an inferior officer.

"You play chess, Grayson?" he asked in clipped tones.

"A little. I'm not much good."

"Too bad. You should study chess. Teaches you discipline, strategy." He moved to where a chessboard was set up and began toying with the pieces. Then he talked about his army career, blusteringly belittling the other professions.

"Carolyn says you've been on your mission," the colonel went on. "What about your service obligation? Have you been in service yet?"

Wilf felt a resentment stir within him at the man's demanding manner. "No sir, I have a trick knee that I got in football back in high school that ruined me for the service."

The colonel snorted in disgust. "Humph, football! What a fool's pastime. Twists our young men's knees and cracks their heads. It should be barred from our schools and colleges. A husky young man like you should be a soldier. Only career for a young man. Think how many young men that silly game ruins for the armed services."

Wilf shuffled uneasily. The man was pompous and impolite, but he was Carolyn's father. And then he thought of his older brother, so long ago . . . and he knew that he had to say it.

"But on the other hand, sir," Wilf said slowly and with some irony, "think of all the young men that soldiering and war have ruined for football. Like my brother. He was a great fullback and had a fine future. But he hasn't played any football since the battle at Inchon Reservoir. He was killed there. Perhaps you're thinking of barring the wrong sport."

There was a shocked silence. The colonel set up a knight that had fallen over.

Later in the car, Wilf was dejected. "Well, I botched it, didn't I?" he said.

Carolyn smiled. "No, just the opposite. Daddy's a tyrant sometimes with new people. The army, you know. But when we left, he told me to bring you over for chess sometime. He said you had grit, and that you could teach him a move or two."

Wilf breathed a sigh of relief. They drove down Maple Street without talking more.

He felt her hand rest softly on his arm. It was their third date, but he knew it wouldn't be their last. ■■

CONVERSATION PIECE



MEMORABLE MOMENT . . . following the final performance of the Music Festival during June conference when the conductors applauded the chorus, the chorus applauded the conductors, the crowd applauded everybody, and we all cried together.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ . . . turning up in concert halls as "listening music" with you teens a rapt audience with nary a one batting a lash or tapping a toe.

MICHAEL DRURY . . . insists that it's smart for one to be creative about life. Says he, "Creativity is not half so much aptitude as attitude on the heels of awareness."

RUSSIAN IN A BOX . . . with tiny flash cards of basic words you tote and memorize on the move. A cinch for busy teens on a foreign language jag.



BONNIE ELTON

IT HAPPENED TO YOU . . . Kathy Keinke, talented student violinist from Monument Park Stake, summing up summer in Puerto Rico as a Utah delegate to the International Congress of Strings . . . Bonnie Elton and her folk-singing partner, Sue McClenahan of Menlo Park, took top honors in a tri-state talent contest; won a week in New York "on the house."

MODEL TEENS . . . high style fellows and their friends doing the "pease porridge hot and cold" bit on the last page of this section are Jeff Anderson, Suzzanne Budd, Nancy Muhlestein, and Curtis Booth. Picnic people summing up summer are Provo teens Ann Rasmussen, Mel Crawford, Carole Pedersen, and Richard Dalebout.

HEAR THIS! . . . we're on the prowl for teens with a way with art. If this means you, send along some samples of your work for us to consider. Manuscripts from you literary bugs and budding poets are welcome, too.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW



Question:

How can a young person get interested in reading the scriptures?

Answer:

We know that many young people are sincerely seeking guidance and want to have a testimony of the gospel. Some of the best sources of counsel and conviction are the scriptures. We'd like to help you get acquainted with them.

Our suggestion is that you have a copy of the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price of your own. An inexpensive edition will do. Keep a red pencil and a small ruler in your book.

These pages will occasionally include references to the scriptures. Sometimes the questions you send in may invite scriptural answers.

Whenever a reference is given (here or in other reading), look it up in your own book, read it aloud, mark it (underline or outline the verse), and think about it. Perhaps you will want to put a note or a word or a cross-reference in your margin.

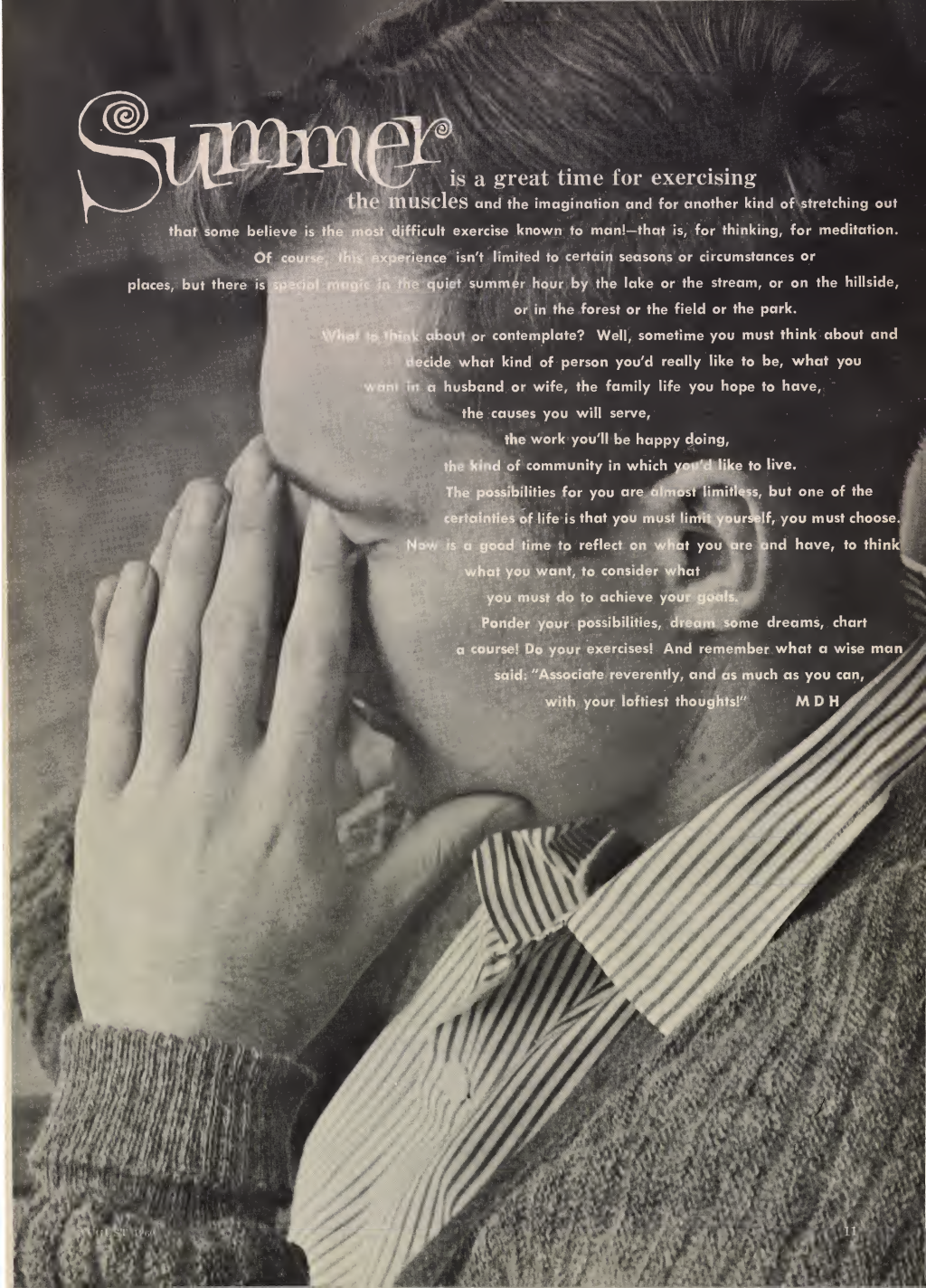
This will start you on the great adventure of searching the scriptures, will help you to learn to love them, and will give you great sources for counsel and conviction. Join in! And get your family to join in with you!



We like the answers we're getting from you to the question one of you asked: "For what and when should we pray." Some of them will be printed in these pages soon. For some scriptural direction, how about reading and marking the following in your books:

"Counsel with the Lord in all thy doings, and he will direct thee for good; yea, when thou liest down at night lie down unto the Lord, that he may watch over you in your sleep; and when thou risest in the morning let thy heart be full of thanks unto God; and if ye do these things, ye shall be lifted up at the last day." *Alma 37:37*

Also read and mark: *Alma 34:17-28; Second Nephi 32:9; James 1:5.*



Summer is a great time for exercising the muscles and the imagination and for another kind of stretching out that some believe is the most difficult exercise known to man!—that is, for thinking, for meditation.

Of course, this experience isn't limited to certain seasons or circumstances or places, but there is special magic in the quiet summer hour by the lake or the stream, or on the hillside, or in the forest or the field or the park.

What to think about or contemplate? Well, sometime you must think about and decide what kind of person you'd really like to be, what you want in a husband or wife, the family life you hope to have, the causes you will serve, the work you'll be happy doing, the kind of community in which you'd like to live.

The possibilities for you are almost limitless, but one of the certainties of life is that you must limit yourself, you must choose.

Now is a good time to reflect on what you are and have, to think what you want, to consider what you must do to achieve your goals.

Ponder your possibilities, dream some dreams, chart a course! Do your exercises! And remember what a wise man said: "Associate reverently, and as much as you can, with your loftiest thoughts!" MDH

Casual but not careless

Some like it hot . . .

Some play it cool . . .

But either way, fashion-wise teens beat the heat and collect kudos while doing it by wearing togs that are comfortable but always crisp looking; casual but never careless.

The theme of the summer of sixty moves briskly from classically styled sportswear to the sentimental refrain of after-five party things. Only the unimaginative would make blue jeans their all-time, all-occasion uniform, these days. Preference indicates it's much more fun to match outfits to moods, so that puttering or partying, you take good looks all the way and emerge on the teen scene a neat picture of young fashion at its best. E C



A.M.

Sportswear these days finds favor with teens when it's styled with simple good looks, faultless tailoring for a flawless fit (both fore and aft!) A garment which follows the figure line too closely loses its high style appeal, its attractively casual appearance, its easy wearability. Watch for signal flag colors, wild stripes teamed with stark white for dramatic contrast in both boys' and girls' leisure time wear.



P.M.

Polished, pretty, and proper at party time is the aim of top teens. Summer weight suits, often of woven stripe seersucker or corded cotton, for the fellows, make dress-up occasions for them not only more tolerable, but also more welcome. For the girls, it's the feminine look they're cultivating this year, by means of sheer overskirts atop flirty gingham checks and embroidered eyelets sashed widely with bright cumberbunds that often match their shoes.



For a Secondhand Car



by Iris H. Hathaway

It was a good-looking young man who stood at my desk, and I smiled as I asked, "May I help you?" But the smile on my face soon faded as I looked down at the withdrawal slip which he had thrust into my hand. This piece of paper meant that the young man would be leaving college for some other type of activity, probably employment that looked enticing at the moment but would offer no future challenges.

My mind whirled as I thought of the year that I had left high school and had shed many tears in solitude because I knew that my desire to go to school would not be realized, for with thirteen children in the family, it was all that a hard-working father could do just to supply the necessities of life without having anything left over for a college education. And so, I could not imagine anyone throwing away an opportunity to further schooling and wondered if something was wrong. Was there illness in the family? Had the father lost his job?

Very much concerned, I asked him if there was anything that we could do to help him but his reply was sure, "No, I just can't go to school and keep up the payments on my car."

Perhaps my shocked reply came too abruptly, "Do you mean that you would trade a college education for a secondhand car?"

He replied slowly, "You know, I never thought of it that way before."

There have been quite a number of young men come through with their withdrawal slips in their hands. Finding it too much to go to college and support a car, they have chosen to leave college.

How many other young people have grown up with a false sense of values? In their teens, have they taken what looked like the shortest way to popularity? Have they, in a sense, been content with a "secondhand car" instead of waiting so that they might have the better things in life that are promised to those who keep themselves morally clean. A temple marriage with someone who is worthy to enter the House of the Lord might be compared to a shiny new automobile—something that is worth waiting for as it is not shoddy or unclean and will not break down after only a little service.

Does a busy mother make the same mistake unknowingly? Do the hours that the children sit in front of a television set seem to her to be hours which are saved for her so that she may accomplish something which she considers worthwhile? How many hours of their childhood are lost without the sharing of some activity with a parent? Does the convenience of having them engaged in this clean and quiet occupation ever compensate for the joy of watching them learn to accomplish something new?

Can a parent who has not given of his time and himself in the sharing of a project with a son or daughter expect to be close to his children later? Will the hours saved be returned full-measure on some sleepless night when he does not know why the hour has grown late and his most treasured possession has not returned from a dance or a show?

Thoughts come before action. Many thoughts have been poured into a child's mind as he sits in front of a television set. Are they the thoughts that you want your child to have? Do you think that you can erase those thoughts in just a few sentences from you, as a parent, as to what is wrong and what is right.

The vehicle at hand, convenient as it may seem at the time, is bound to break down at a crucial moment and parents are then left to try to get past the adolescent years the best way they can.

If we are required to walk awhile, so to speak, or work longer hours while others seem to be speeding past us, we will find that we have gained in moral and physical strength by walking where the air is clean and untainted. And the end results will enable us to glide past those who are stalled on the highway of life because they settled for a "Secondhand Car."



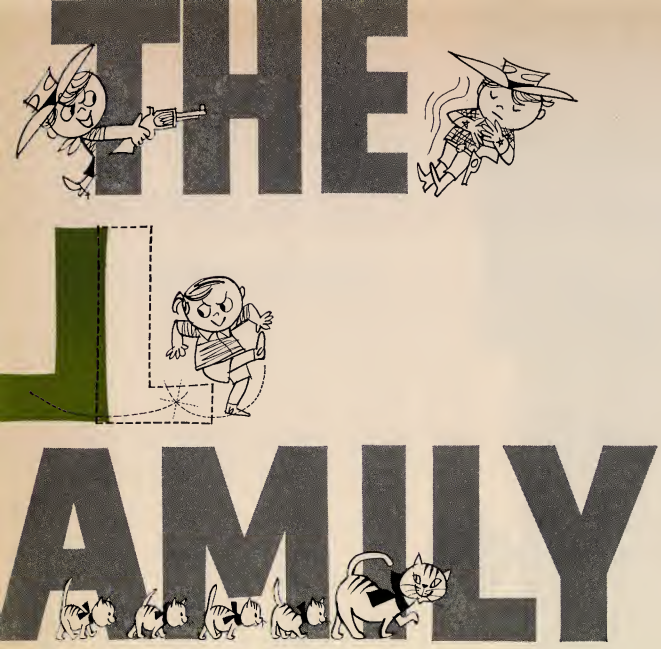
First of all, I'd like to see someone arrive at a nice, concise statement of what a "normal family" is. (Someone besides a bachelor or a spinster, that is.) I'd just like to see what he or she would say.

Because the five of us lead a life that has all the qualities of TV soap-opera commercials (the part where it shows how dirty the children get their clothes before the miracle product takes over) plus a grade A movie-version of an air base sending strong, silent boys out on dangerous missions which always result in congressional medals of honor.—Don't go. There's more.

Do you think that anyone would call this "normal"? I hope we *look* fairly normal. So, perhaps, we *are* normal. (You've no idea how comforting that is.)

It means, to outline it briefly,

1. That normal families use their garages as the headquarters for the air force.
 - A. This means:
 - (1) That we have from five to nine boys in and out all day.
 - (2) We sometimes have a long-faced nine-year-old guard walking back and forth stiffly in front of the house.
 - (3) And we have to park the car in the driveway.
 - B. This includes:



by Luacine Clark Fox

(1) My two card tables—(only one has a hole in it.)
(2) All four folding chairs
(3) The electric fan from next door
(4) And an unidentified broken movie projector.

2. It means that normal families also have basic training courses for the air force.
 A. This means:
 (1) That every available cardboard carton from the neighborhood store has to be in our back yard.
 (2) That four wooden-barrel tops have to be there, too—
 (3) That doctor and nurses of the air force have to wear their mother's white aprons as uniforms.
 (4) And that parachute jumping is practised from the garage roof until the parents put a stop to it.
 B. This includes:
 (1) Roll call ending with terse commands to be performed "on the double"—
 (2) A real honest-to-goodness map from a real honest-to-goodness air base.
 (3) Elaborate maneuvers having to do with climbing over fences and saluting abruptly.
 (4) And practice drills of being shot, then falling with haggard faces, gurgling spasms—and ending with a final glassy-eyed-stiff-legged flop.

Oh, I'm tired of outlining.

Does any of this sound "normal"? Is it normal to hear things like,—quote,

Mother: "Son, you go and wash your arms! What will the doctor think"?

Son: "But gol', Mom—he's gonna bandage my hand, not look at my arms!"

and

Younger Son: "Hey, Mom!—Can I stay up a half-hour later tonight 'cause when you told me yesterday I could get up from my nap a half-hour earlier, *I didn't*—huh, Mom?"

and

Seven-year-old Daughter (during statistics at stake conference): "Hey Mommie, is that the commercial?"

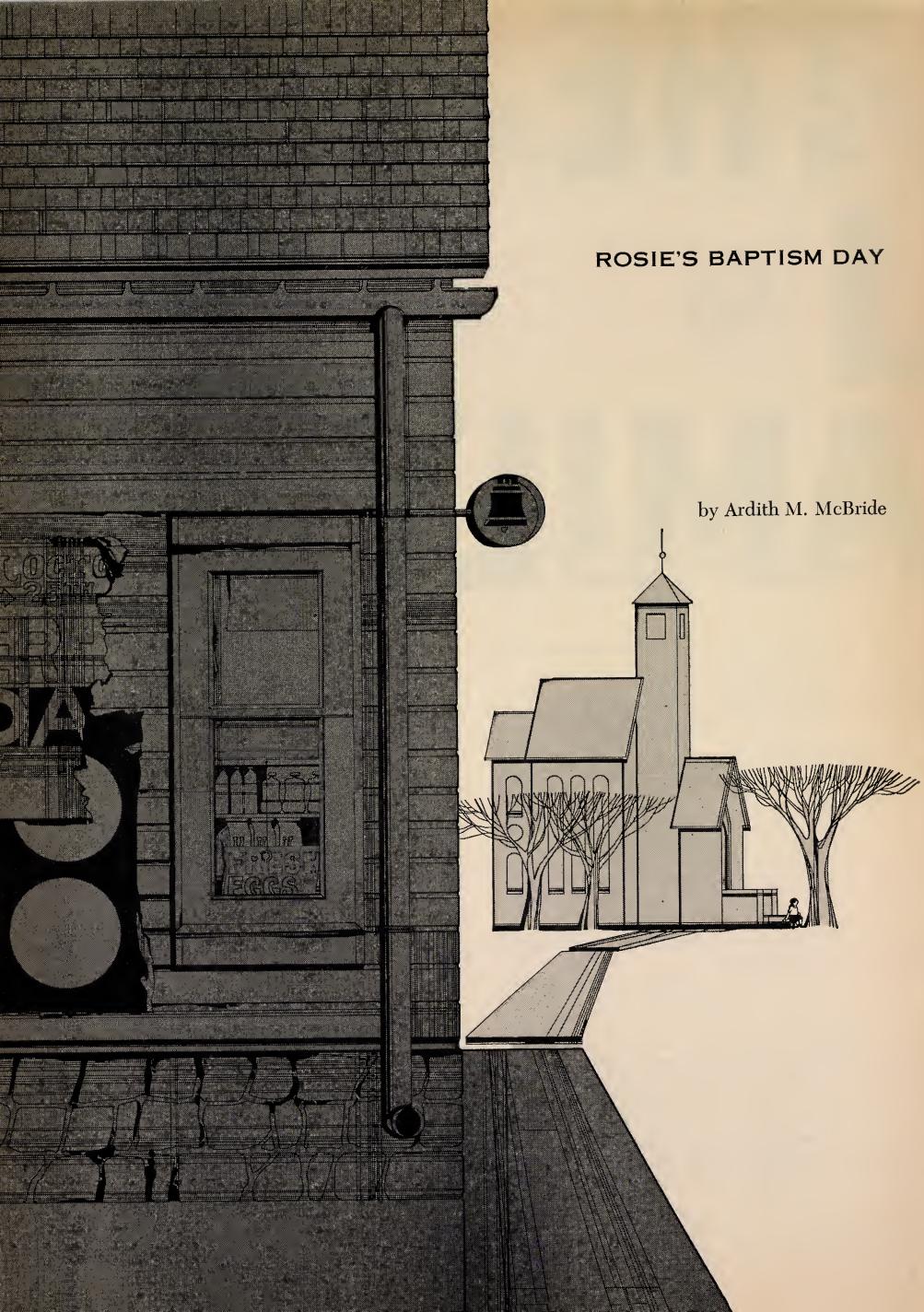
Is all of this normal?

And, oh yes—don't let me forget the sign in the front window. In bold black letters all passers-by may read the thought-provoking statement, "COMING SOON."

At first another sign was displayed next to it. It told that there was to be a mammoth production "filmed" with the "assistance of the U.S. Air Force." This enterprise had (*Continued on page* 606)

ROSIE'S BAPTISM DAY

by Ardith M. McBride



As the old car driven by Brother Neals bumped along the dirt road, Rosie carefully formed the English words in her mind then said,

"My grandmother will not be home, I think."

"Where was she going today?" asked Sister Neals who sat between her husband and Rosie in the front seat of the rattling car. Rosie rubbed her hands against the front of her dress to dry the palms before answering,

"Today she goes to the trading store to get her pension money."

"Oh, well," laughed Sister Neals, "she'll be home by now. It's nearly suppertime. Anyway, we will wait if she's not back yet."

Brother and Sister Neals could not know what pension day is like in our camp, thought Rosie. Even though they live close by the reservation and teach a class in religion to school children, they still have not been into our camps very much. They could not know that sometimes on pension day *Saan* (old woman or grandmother) returns very late and very drunk. Sometimes she does not come back for many days—after the money is all gone, and the party is over. Rosie's older relatives said it had not always been that way. Long ago when her husband was alive, Saan had been the chief woman of their clan; and she had worked hard to take care of her family and all those who came asking for help. But through the years their way of living had changed; the Apache people had come to depend upon the Great Government for help instead of their relatives. Many of them lived in poverty and idleness from one pension day to another; then for a few days there was much eating and drinking in all the camps having people who received assistance.

But, Rosie sighed to herself, my English is not great enough to tell it right to these missionaries. They would not understand how much I love Saan even when she do these very bad things.

Sister Neals patted the thirteen-year-old's clammy little hands as they lay tightly knotted in her lap.

"Don't worry, Rosie; I'm sure your grandmother will give her consent for you to be baptized now that you have graduated from our class in religion. Do you think she would like to come to the baptismal service Saturday evening?"

Daa (no), thought Rosie, but aloud she said, "I do not know."

"Well, sure she will," said Brother Neals in his jovial voice. "They'll all come. It's going to be a great day for little Rosie and the whole Tonella family. Here we are at your camp, Rosie. We'll park out here and walk in, so we won't run over any of the children or dogs or chickens."

Rosie laughed, maybe they understand my life better than I thought.

Brother and Sister Neals seemed completely unaware of the scurry their arrival was causing as they followed Rosie past several one-room houses toward a large brush arbor called "the Shade" which sat in the center of the camp. As they walked by the words *"inda"* (white-man) and *"ennoshoot"* (missionary) were heard on every side.

Rosie had been worried about how the camp would appear to these missionaries, and she was happy to see that everything was in order—no signs of partying anywhere.

Besides the big shade in the center there were small shades by each house. Bedding was hung over poles tied together with wire because there was not room for it to be kept in the house in the daytime. At night it would be spread out on the floors for family beds; except in Cousin Nellie's house where there was a bedstead and a clean cotton mattress.

Many things inside Nellie's house told of the years she had spent in an eastern school, but outwardly she followed the same Indian customs as the other women. Just now she was seated on the ground before her campfire. The billowing skirt of her camp dress was tucked tightly around her legs and the loose blouse was caught in the waistband of the skirt, so it would not get in the coals as she leaned over to place her tortillas on a heavy wire grate to cook them.

Brother and Sister Neals paused for a moment to watch Nellie shape a ball of dough with her fingers, twirling it around and around, flopping it over one arm and then the other, until it was stretched into a smooth thin circle. As she placed it on the wire over the coals and started to pat and twirl another, they continued their slow walk toward the shade.

Here Seeah, Rosie's aunt, was already feeding her family. Some of them had scattered as the word *"Inda, ennoshoot, Marmin"* were spread across the camp, but gradually most of them gathered back—driven by curiosity and hunger. They sat on a canvas

spread on the ground and, using pieces of tortilla, they each dipped into a large kettle of food placed in the center of the canvas. Rosie approached her grandmother who was seated a little behind the others.

"Saan, (old woman) these missionaries want to talk to you alone," she said quickly in Apache.

"Let them speak here," replied her grandmother also in Apache, as she peered at them through eyes dim and watery with age.

As Rosie turned to Brother and Sister Neals, she saw that they were going around the circle shaking hands with everyone as they always did at their class. Here handshaking seemed so strange, for Apaches carefully avoid bodily contact as offensive after they begin to grow up. Even among families there is little or no touching. At class Rosie had heard much about "a good old Mormon handclasp"; she had learned to grip the proffered hand and shake it as she saw the missionaries do, but here her cousins were simply allowing their limp hands to be shaken by Brother and Sister Neals while they ducked their heads and giggled.

"Well, Grandma, how are you today?" cried Brother Neals "We've heard a lot about you from your little granddaughter here. She's a fine little lady—this Rosie. We have really enjoyed having her in our class in religion."

Saan only grunted and looked hard at Rosie. Sister Neals said,

"We are so glad to find you home today. Rosie said you had to go to the Post Office. She thought you might not be back yet."

"All day we wait at store. Pension monies not come today. White man say maybe tomorrow. Always before it comes on this day."

Rosie looked at Saan as she talked. This was the most English words she had heard her grandmother use at one time. It was considered a joke on white people who tried to talk to them in "pidgin" English that even the very old ones who would speak a word of English understood it quite well. Rosie was glad that Brother and Sister Neals spoke in their natural way—only a little slower than usual. I do not want them to be laughed at, she thought. But even if they did not know how to talk to us I know they teach the true religion. If only Saan will say "yes" so I can be baptized Saturday and not have to wait until I'm eighteen! Brother Neals was speaking to Saan in his strong friendly voice,

"So we wanted to get your consent for little Rosie to be baptized into the kingdom of God. We will hold services tomorrow, that's Saturday evening, in the chapel at Newtown. We hope all of you will come and see her baptized. Would you like to do that?"

"*Ha'oh* (yes)," said Saan, nodding her consent.

"Then Sunday," went on Brother Neals, "she will be confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Brother Stone and I will lay our hands on her head and give unto her the gift of the Holy Ghost. We will do this at Sacrament meeting in Newtown Sunday afternoon. We want you all to come to that meeting too. This will be a great day for Rosie and all of us. The Lord is prepared to pour out rich blessings on everyone who will seek them. Many great blessings await the Apache people if they will only accept the gospel."

▬

Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but choose them as your guides, follow them, and you will reach your destiny.

—*The Silver Cross*

▬

Sister Neals said, "We have white clothes you can wear to be baptized in, Rosie, so just come to the Church in Newtown about 6:30. I'm so glad your grandmother is going to be there, too."

She won't be there if her pension money comes tomorrow, thought Rosie. I won't even count on it.

"Rosie is a Marmin," shouted ten-year-old James as soon as the Neals were gone.

"Rosie is a Marmin. Rosie is a Marmin," as the chant was taken up by the smaller children, the older ones laughed. But Saan did not laugh, she looking at Rosie eating a tortilla soaked in bean soup.

Finally the teasing let up and the children took up another game. Rosie was glad. She didn't want to get angry with her cousins, for she knew they did not understand about this wonderful religion she had accepted. But still it was hard to listen quietly to their taunts, for laughter is the cruelest weapon one Apache can use against another.

"*Eou Nun Chi Tau,* (God my Father)" prayed Rosie that night, "I thank thee for the good things that come to me this day. Help me to be a good Marmin. Thank thee for getting Saan to say I can be baptized now. Please help her to know I still like to be Indian—that I am not trying to follow a white-man's god. Help her to know that thou art the God our people worshiped long ago. And, *Chi Tau,* help her to come see me baptized tomorrow."

By morning no one seemed to remember that this was the day Rosie was to be baptized. After a breakfast of coffee (water for Rosie), fry bread, and acorn stew, the camp was hurriedly cleaned, and best clothes were donned for their Saturday trip to town. First they would stop at the Post Office and tribal store and then go on to the big city forty miles distant, passing through Newtown on the way.

Carefully Rosie scrubbed herself until her skin was glowing, then she dressed in her good clothes. She wrapped a piece of fry bread in a piece of paper and tied it and a towel and comb in a small square scarf. Her hair was freshly washed with soap root and hung straight and shining down her back. Two dime-store clips held it back from her face. When at last she was satisfied with the reflection she saw in the broken mirror hanging from the two-by-four wall braces, she took her little bundle and climbed into the back of Aunt Seeah's pick-up truck with the rest of her relatives. Soon they were on their way.

They waited an hour at the Post Office for the mail to come in, and everyone except Rosie was happy when they learned that Saan's money had come. The man at the tribal store took out enough to cover the Tribal Credit Coupons he had issued to Rosie's grandmother that month to buy food. As he handed her the money that was left, there was some joking among the Indians in the store about the good time they could all have in town that day with Saan's money. Saan only smiled and looked at Rosie. Oh, why couldn't it have been late just one more day, thought

hungry ?



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Rosie. Now she will never make it to see me baptized.

It was noon when they got to Newtown so they stopped to get food for lunch. Most of the children got soda pop and candy bars. Rosie climbed out of the truck and told her grandmother she was not going to town with them.

"I will wait over by the Church until time to be baptized," she said.

"It is many hours yet," replied her grandmother. "You will be hungry again."

"I have food in my scarf. Don't worry about me, Saan; Sister Neals will take care of me."

Rosie walked through the blocks to the Church and through the long afternoon she waited in the shade of the building. Once while walking around she found a small booklet that had been dropped by some Primary child. On the front was a picture of a family and on the inside a little verse that said:

"A Mother dear, a Daddy dear,
Some little girls and boys,
Who but our Heavenly Father,
Could give so many joys."

Suddenly Rosie was overcome by a terrible longing for her own mother—the mother she had never seen—who had died the night she was born and left her to the care of Saan. And where was Saan? Saan—old woman—, who cared more for her *tu pai* (Apache corn drink) than she did for the ache in a young child's heart. True she had not always been so old nor so weak, and Rosie remembered many happy evenings when she listened to the stories of early Indian life before they had become such a conquered and downtrodden people. Rosie had not missed her mother's love then, but now she felt as newly bereft as if she had just lost her. Oh, *chi Maa, chi Maa,* (my mother, my mother) where are you now? Do you care that this is my baptism day? Rosie felt the tears start and laid her head against the side of the church. She slept and awoke with a start as Sister Neals exclaimed,

"Why, Rosie, you are here early."

"Yes," said Rosie, jumping to her feet and straightening her dress, "I came early to my baptism."

"Where are your relatives?"

"Today they go to the big town. They must buy many things," Rosie answered but did not look up as she spoke.

"Oh. Well, maybe they will get back before the meeting starts. There is nearly an hour yet. I came over early to check on the clothes for you. I'm glad you are here, too. Now we will have plenty of time to dress slowly and braid your hair. Come on into the chapel. I bought these white ribbons for your braids." Sister Neals talked on and on in a quiet voice that calmed Rosie's fears. She explained every step they would take and even discussed baptism for the dead. Rosie's thoughts went again to her mother.

At last it was time to go into the font room for the baptismal service. Two white children who had just become eight years old were accompanied by their parents and their Primary teachers. Rosie was glad

Youth—and uncertainties and decisions

Richard L. Evans

THE SPOKEN WORD

In times of beginnings and endings, a time which has come to be called commencement, young people are faced with many difficult decisions. Decisions are difficult for everyone—and perhaps especially for those who are pursuing or finishing their period of preparation: where to work, when to marry, how long to prepare, what commitments to make—decisions that affect the whole length of life, and that must be made despite the difficulties of settling down in unsettled situations. As to all of these uncertainties and decisions, we would quote a short and sound sentence: "Chance favors the best prepared people."[1] There have always been uncertainties, and there have always been decisions, and despite tensions and troubles and uncertain situations, there have never been more opportunities; there has never been more need for well-prepared people, or that we are aware of, more appreciation or compensation for well-prepared people—and the passing uncertainties should not lead to short-sighted decisions or to cutting short the fullest possible preparation for fullest usefulness for the future. Of course, the long broad look at life requires faith—and willingness to study, willingness to work, willingness to wait—faith in the future. And why not have faith in the future? Suppose a generation of ten or twenty or thirty years ago had failed to have faith—suppose that their uncertainties had dissuaded them from preparing? Where would we turn today for prepared people? And what would *now* be their regrets for not preparing? The late Charles F. Kettering said: "I object to people running down the future. I'm going to live all the rest of my life there."[2] The future, young man, young woman, is where you are going to live the rest of your life. Have faith. Accept the uncertainties. Don't brood about them. Avoid impatience. Avoid procrastination. Avoid enslaving habits and time-wasting. Avoid debt as far as possible. Seek counsel. Have courage. Build solid foundations. Live with cleanliness and honor and high qualities of character. Accept the opportunities and obligations as they come. Be willing to work. Be willing to wait. Be willing to take responsibility. Despite all uncertainties and unforeseen situations, the future will be better for the better prepared people. The future will be better for those who have the faith to finish, the faith to follow through.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, May 22, 1960. Copyright 1960.

[1]Author Unknown.
[2]Charles F. Kettering, quoted in *Time*, Dec. 8, 1959.

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for Sister Neals' hand holding tightly to hers as they followed the others into the room.

Pretty, so pretty, thought Rosie. Then as she heard the Apache word *"Jon nee,"* she wondered if she had spoken her thought aloud. But no—She glanced into the shadows of the room and saw Saan looking at her, not the font, and saying,

"Jon nee, Jon nee."

Aunt Seeah was there, too. And how many cousins she could not tell. Quickly she took her place in the front row with the other children who were being baptized, and the meeting started.

"They came. They came to my baptism day," sang Rosie's heart while her lips and voice joined the others in singing "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." After the prayer someone sang a song about baptism which Rosie had never heard before. It was lovely. The bishop of Newtown spoke for just a minute. Then Brother Neals said some nice things about Rosie and the other Indian children who attended the Religion Class at the school. He and Sister Neals taught this class as a part of their stake missionary work. Now it was time for the baptisms.

First the two white children were baptized by their fathers, then Brother Neals led little Rosie down into the water. Never had she felt so wonderful—so close to the Great Father over all and so close to her family. In her heart she knew without doubting that this was the right step. She knew that from this day on life in the Tonella camp would be different and that soon all the family would follow her into the waters of baptism—Saan first, then all the others.

"Ah hee yaah ehe, Eow Non Tau, (I thank thee, God my Father)," breathed Rosie.

The Thirsty Farms of Iran

(*Continued from page* 576)

reaching an altitude of nearly 19,000 feet. Other lower ranges of mountains make a total of half of the country.

On the north side of the high range north of Teheran, there is abundant rainfall.

The southwest and south are low and hot, but there is ample water for irrigation of the vast area in the southwest. Numerous rivers come from the mountain ranges to the northeast and the north. These streams have been utilized, at least in part, long, long ago, and the remnants of diversion dams and canal systems are evident, but none are in use today. Restoration would be comparatively simple.

The vast expanse of upland, elevation over 4,000 feet, has a very limited water supply, except that in a few cases, short tunnels will bring in streams that now go to waste.

One of these is at the head of one branch of Zayendi Rud, where many years ago, a former ruler, Shah Abas, had work started in order that a deep cut might be made through the mountain pass so that Kurang River might be diverted into Zayendi Rud Valley.

A study of this situation was made in 1942 and it was concluded that a large tunnel through the mountain and a diversion dam on River Kurang would cost much less than to continue the huge cut ordered by Shah Abas.

An important project was undertaken between the years 1941 and 1946. A law was finally worked through the Majilas that provides governmental aid for anyone who will undertake the repair of *ghnats* that have failed. This was a step in the direction of helping the ambitious poor man. The plan worked and limited help was made available.

There is ample resource in Iran for future generations, and a surplus can be produced for other nearby nations that *are* underfed. But the landlord system that has been in effect for many generations prevents the development of natural resources.

In order to live, the natives overgraze the lands with sheep, goats, camels, a few cattle, a few horses, a very few mules, and a larger number of donkeys.

The mountain area supports a limited number of deer, ibex, and a very few mountain sheep and mountain goats in the high, rough ranges. In the lowland wilderness are found a few gazelle, an animal very similar to our antelope. In a very few spots there are left a few grouse.

The lands surrounding the villages for many miles are barren, because of being grazed and browsed by the village flocks of sheep and goats.

The world-famous Persian rugs and carpets are woven by hand by these village women and children. Each and every "tuft" of these carpets and rugs is tied by hand. The patterns are memorized and are made by using yarn of different colors for the tufts. The yarn is colored in an everlasting dye by hand.

Iran is made up of many tribes that occupy certain subdivisions. Some are nomads. They move north in spring and summer and south to the coastal plains or Persian Gulf in winter. One such tribe is the Quashki. They love to hunt, and they often live principally on wild game while on the move and during the summer. The leader of this tribe is Nassar Cahn Inaskaie. He was put in jail by Reza Shah and spent several years there because he refused to conform to the Shah's wishes. His brother, Malekmonsieur, fled the country and spent his time in school. He took a Ph.D. in France, then another at Oxford in England, then another in Switzerland.

When the country was in upheaval, following the occupation by Britain and Russia, Malekmonsieur returned. He and some of the top tribesmen crashed through the prison gates and took his brother out. The Persian Army made a feeble attempt to subdue this tribe, but they were unsuccessful.

Later it was proposed to create a cabinet post for Malekmonsieur and make him Minister of Tribes, but he refused. He told the government he preferred his horse, his rifle, and the freedom of his own country to the life of confinement behind a big desk, the hot tea served by servants, the necessity of appearing at official functions in formal clothes, etc.

It was my good fortune to ride side by side with this fine man for a week. His tribe was the last to entertain me before I left Iran. We moved many miles during the week, and I advised them regarding the utilization of their limited water supply.

In the evening about the second day, I heard them talking about the





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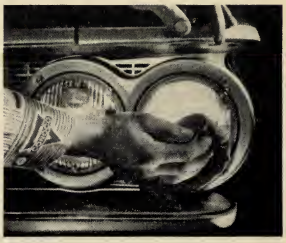
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time when I was held up and robbed by bandits. It had been men from this tribe that did the robbing. They had sent part of my things back. With it a note reading: "Our faces are very black because of the way we treated you when you first came to our country."

Iran needs help. It is imperative that the common man be given a chance for "a place in the sun."

■

Strait is the Gate

(*Continued from page* 573)

of broadmindedness might have brought sudden death.

As science is narrow and nature is narrow, so the gospel is narrow. It says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16:16.) "There is one Lord, one faith, and one baptism." (See Eph. 4:5.) That may sound pretty narrow, but it also sounds reasonably right and safe. Great leadership is narrow. If you do certain things, you succeed; if you do certain other things, you fail. It is as simple as that, and you start to fail the moment you begin to get too broad-minded.

The chief ingredient of success in any field is to follow the narrow road. That is the way to salvation; it is the way to success; it is the way to happiness; it is the way to successful leadership; it is the way to control your weight; it is the way to control your attitude. It is the opposite of the road which is broad enough for vague decisions, unbridled thoughts, and loose actions. The broad, easy, meandering gypsy trail leads to where destruction and failure lurk.

Think how narrow the road of loyalty is. It binds us to definite devotions. Harry Emerson Fosdick has written convincingly about the narrow way in a sermon entitled, "On catching the wrong bus." He says, "The man who swears allegiance to a cause places upon himself limitations stronger than any slave's, because he has given his heart."

Success and happiness in marriage is a straight road. Two people by their own choice give themselves to each other and to no one else. Then they are no longer loosely or irresponsibly free to wander wherever passing fancy may attract them. Marriage is not a broad, double street, neither is leadership success, neither is life. A person's greatest glory lies in the straightness of his gate and the narrowness of his way. The unfaithful and the unloyal travel the broad road. They may have a variety of attachments or no attachments at all. They may be devoted to many or to none. They may live without restraint under the philosophy of "Don't fence me in." This particular road is labeled "The broad way," and everyone should know in advance where it leads.

The Ten Commandments are narrow. The laws having to do with the celestial kingdom are narrow, and only a few keep on the road. Mostly we miss the way because we ourselves take down the fences and erase the white lines and remove the guardrails. We do away with the out-of-bounds signs and feel no compunction about getting off the straight course.

As soon as we conceive life as a double highway, then hypocrisy and confusion begin to flourish, and we are in trouble. This double standard is responsible for the discord between deed and creed which is at the root of innumerable wrongs in our civilization. It gives institutions and men split personalities. It is not enough to have a high goal; we must also stick to the road that will get us to it.

Despite our boasted reason and scientific attitudes, subconsciously we still, more or less, believe in a sort of black magic, that regardless of which road we take, somehow or other we will come out all right. It seems incredible even to the confirmed sinner that eventually he may be lost.

We try to hang on to our high ideals with one hand at the very moment we are thinking wrong thoughts, reading wrong literature, and doing wrong things. When we set our minds on the right objectives and allow our feet to travel the wrong road, we not only classify ourselves as sinners, but as fools as well, for nothing that travels the wrong road can ever come out at the right destination.

In the greatest sermon that was ever preached, the greatest man who ever lived said, "Come, follow me." (Luke 18:22.) He said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, except by me." (John 14:6.) That is a very narrow road. It does not deviate. It makes no exceptions. It deals in no compromises. But when we walk therein we will be sure to get where we want to go.

Suppose we consider some of the ingredients that go into our own Church leadership, and measure them for their breadth to see if they conform to the specifications of Jesus.

Personal Conduct. A great leader glories in keeping his conduct true to the North Star of his faith. He must be true to the best that is within him. Others may range all over the territory, but he will be faithful, not because someone may see him or because it is the "best policy," but because it is right.

Mental Attitude. If one's thinking gets on the broad road, it is not likely that his feet will confine themselves to the narrow way. William James said, "That which holds the attention determines the action." Where the mind goes the feet will follow.

A Sense of Responsibility is a very narrow road and, as in everything else, our limitation is our greatest glory. Lincoln said that the nation could not exist half slave and half free. Neither can leadership exist half responsible and half irresponsible.

This narrowness of the way concept of Jesus applies to every element making up our leadership success. Personal integrity is narrow. It grants no personal privilege. Punctuality is narrow. Duty is narrow. Planning is narrow. Preparation is narrow.

The Master himself has given us the formula, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and

■

GROWING UP

by Mabelle B. McGuire

Last year our daughter was a child.
This year her clothes don't fit her.
Last year her interest was in dolls.
Now she's a baby sitter.

■

broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction and many there be which go in thereat. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Matt. 7:13-14.)

-

Sagebrush Soliloquy

(*Continued from page* 567)

a veritable hunting and fishing paradise, more than forty miles from the nearest town, Soda Springs. We split the journey into two legs—and don't compare forty miles through alkali dust via two-horse hack with today's motoring over paved highways! The final stretch seemed almost straight up, over an all but impassable trail. A pack train would have been more sensible, but since the stockmen's supply wagons regularly made the trip, I had not the slightest doubt that we could make it, despite having George to contend with.

Although I invariably hobbled the horses' forefeet when turning them out to graze, George, in addition to his other peculiarities, was afflicted with wanderlust. He had learned, and taught his teammate, to progress by means of kangaroo-like leaps. In this manner they could cover much ground, even with front feet closely bound.

Later, Barney devised a simple yet effective method of keeping track of my errant steed. He hung on George's neck an old cowbell, the throaty tinkling of which enabled us to locate him even in dense timber, although sometimes at the cost of a long, hot hike up a mountainside. I wondered whether the spirited George was not humiliated by this noisome castoff from a cow, inescapably strapped to his anatomy.

My bride, city-bred and receiving her first initiation into life as lived in the wild West (I, too, was from the East but had spent many summers in the ranch country), was a good sport about all this. However, I suspect that at times she wished I had dreamed up an entirely different vacation or even that she had said "yes" to one of my young rivals instead of to me.

Perhaps the greatest strain on our then recent marital ties came one day when I got out my fly rod and



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started upstream in search of trout, saying—in all truth as to intentions—that I'd return "in a few minutes." Conceding that there were wild animals about, I assured her they were unlikely to approach an inhabited camp in broad daylight. Still, for her peace of mind, I loaded my .30-30 carbine and leaned it against a tree. "If you are frightened," I said soothingly, "just shoot the rifle into the air. Barney, too, will be nearby and one of us is sure to hear it." She expressed no serious misgivings and I went blithely on my way.

Only fellow fishermen will understand, but the trout were striking, and my excursion lengthened to nearly three hours. Long afterwards, Amy confessed that she had never fired a gun in her life, was actually afraid to try and had spent most of this period at the foot of a tree she had selected for climbing in the event of any emergency. Understanding improves with maturity and later in life I would have been more thoughtful. Today my wife and I can laugh together over such incidents but now I realize that the terror of that lonely and seemingly endless vigil was very real to her.

In truth, fur-bearers abounded nearby; that is why Barney was there. He was employed by a stockmen's association to "keep down the varmints," as he said. And his recent prowess was evidenced by skins he had stretched among the aspens to dry: the pelts of three bears, a mountain lion or cougar which he termed "painter" for panther; two bobcats, as the short-tailed wildcat is known in the West, and numerous coyotes which Barney pronounced "ki'oats."

To him, these pelts meant extra bounty; to his employers, countless valuable lambs and calves saved. Unfortunately their presence was not reassuring to my gently reared helpmate, yet she obligingly posed for a snapshot with a huge bearskin as a backdrop, wearing Barney's revolver and gingerly holding my rifle.

Barney was a former Texas Ranger of indeterminate age, with leathery skin, eyes crinkled at the corners from years of squinting in the western sun (he scorned dark glasses or any visual aid, in fact) and a moth-eaten moustache. When his blue eyes opened wide, they were the most direct and piercing I have ever seen. I had heard many stories about him, mostly to the effect that he feared nothing on four legs—or two. In his youth, he had tangled with grizzlies and bandits and bore scars to prove it. Tall, slim, straight in the saddle, he might have been a centaur, so much did he seem as one with his horse. Barney never walked if he could ride, but when afoot had a somewhat rolling gait attributable to legs slightly bowed by years in the saddle and to the high heels of his boots.

Even as a boy, vacationing in the far West, I had idolized him, but Amy's first impression was not favorable because of his disreputable appearance. Her civilizing influence, however, soon made itself felt. Shortly after our arrival he shaved off a week's growth of gray stubble and donned a clean, white shirt and a wrinkled vest from his duffel bag.

Wise in the ways of the wilderness, Barney had taught me, among other things, to drink from the brim of a five-gallon hat dipped in a mountain stream; to freeze at the whir of a rattler and shoot straight enough to behead it; to catch my pony by shaking oats in a pan; to memorize landmarks and orient myself by the sun or stars.

He was lightning-quick with the big, old-fashioned .44 he wore holstered at his side when out on the range. Our hunting excursions and target practice also revealed a sharp eye and steady hands with a rifle. Yet with all his rough background and lack of formal education, Barney was the quietest and gentlest of men; modest, soft-spoken with a Texas drawl, invariably thoughtful, helpful, tolerant. And seldom did he waste a word. The soul of old-school courtliness, he was careful never to let slip even a "damn" in Amy's presence and always addressed her as "ma'am." (Horse opera script writers do not exaggerate this innate respect for good women that characterized the frontier "man's world" of Barney's generation. Men have changed, women have changed, times have changed; but can anyone truthfully say in all respects for the better?)

It was not until we had been in camp ten days and Barney had become better acquainted with my young wife that he showed her his most prized possession. Reaching inside his shirt, he withdrew a leather pouch suspended from his neck by a buckskin drawstring, and from it extracted an engraved medallion which he placed reverently in her hand. It was a "best hunter" medal from the U S Biological Survey, for whom he had worked before joining the stockmen's association.

One morning he invited us to accompany him on an inspection of his trap line. He slipped his carbine into its saddle-scabbard and suggested that I take mine as well. We had brought with us saddles, blankets and riding bridles, both our horses allegedly having been "broke" for double duty. I saddled gentle Cody for Amy and managed to get George under control after a brief session of kicking and plunging. So, with Barney on his pinto leading the way, we started up the mountain trail.

After a couple of miles, our guide held up his hand. We stopped and peered ahead. All three horses displayed marked nervousness, and no wonder—fresh bear scent! Barney pointed to a heavy log with stout chain attached, partly concealed in undergrowth well below the trail. It had been dragged at some length through the dense brush and had mowed down several good-sized saplings.

He advised us to stay on our horses, dismounted and scouted cautiously with rifle under his arm. Soon he called for us to join him. I tied our mounts, and we scrambled down. He pointed again to the log. Attached to the chain was a powerful steel trap and in the trap was the huge foot of a bear, nothing else.

Amy turned white and I put my arm around her. Barney removed his hat and scratched his head. "First time I ever seen thet," he drawled. "Cats and wolves, mebbe, and once in a while a ki'oat but never knowed a b'ar to chaw off his own foot."

"Oh, Jim, the poor thing!" Amy

BETRAYED

by Elmer S. Crowley

Still as of old,
Man by himself is priced.
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ.

cried with feminine compassion. Barney shook his head. "Too bad. Hate to have things like thet happen."

A trail of blood clearly marked the victim's descent. "He'd head for cold water an' hold his laig in it," diagnosed Barney. "Mought be dangerous, come we caught up with 'im. You two better ride back to camp and I'll go look."

Barney never did find that crippled bear. He had no dogs with him to scent out the trail lost in the stream and concluded that Bruin had crawled into a well-hidden cave, there to lick its wound. "Too bad," Barney kept repeating. He assured us, however, that this maimed killer probably would recover, learn to get about on three feet and continue as a menace to livestock, with even greater fear and hatred of its arch-enemy, man.

Later he gave me as a souvenir a giant claw which he had removed from the trapped foot. Amy could not imagine why I would want to keep it. I asked no questions when, months later, it disappeared from my collection along with a choice rattlesnake tail comprising eight rattles and a button.

Darkness invariably brought intimate reminders of the wildlife around us—not the half-tame animals of today's National Parks, but species that had been native to this area since it was a hunting ground for Indians. The "yip-yip-aroooo" of coyotes became so commonplace as almost to constitute a lullaby. One night, however, we were awakened by unearthly screaming, as though by a woman in mortal agony. Amy was terrified but, having heard such sounds before, I assured her it was only a mountain lion, farther away than it seemed and probably calling to its mate. Even then she was certain it would leap right through the walls of our tent and urged me to have a loaded gun ready.

Her imagination was further stimulated during a hunting trip afield in quest of "sage hens," which took us past a sheep herder's outpost. He showed us that one of his tents had been ripped to shreds about daybreak that morning by a bear in search of bacon or sweets. That the herder had been absent with his flock at the time did little to lessen Amy's anxiety. However, the gun I was carrying seemed to comfort her, so I did not point out that it was "for



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the birds"—a 12-gauge shotgun with No. 6 shells!

That day we had hung our own uncanned victuals high in a tree as Barney had advised whenever we left camp long untended. During our stay, such plebeian fare was augmented by fresh trout, barbecued sage chickens and "b'ar steak" which we thought tasted much like very strong, very tough pork. Fresh venison, too, provided welcome variety.

A herd of antelope, white rumps flashing in the sunlight as they streaked across a distant mesa with graceful leaps, gave us a visual thrill. Small animals and birds were everywhere. And a wolverine which Barney assured us "could lick any critter three times its size" showed itself momentarily at the mouth of a burrow.

Now it was nearing September and our vacation was nearly over. At this high altitude, although the days were still warm, even hot, the nights had become very cold. One frosty morning upon emerging from our wool blankets we found water which we had left in the camp bucket frozen solid. It could storm any time now; this was our signal to break camp next day.

That night as we sat before the fire preparing to enjoy our evening meal, Barney ambled over in response to an earlier invitation. He carried a pan, covered by a cloth. "Thought you folks mought like some o' my sourdough biscuits."

We had seen him bake them, the heavy iron dutch oven buried in the coals of his fire. The fresh, hot bread gave off an appetizing fragrance. Amy brought out our tin of butter, heaped a plate with food for Barney. With hunger whetted by the crisp, pine-scented air and the day's exercise, we fell to heartily.

After supper as we lounged contentedly in the firelight beneath a dazzling canopy of stars that seemed almost near enough to touch, he regaled us with tales of the old Texas Rangers. We never could differentiate between fact and fiction in these narratives nor, I suspect, could he after many tellings. But did it matter?

Finally there was a long silence as we watched a full moon soar over the granite ridges. Suddenly Amy recalled Albert Bigelow Paine's famous children's story about the dog on the moon, forever condemned to jump back and forth over a brush pile,* and we all swore we could see it plainly.

More silence. Barney, strangely for him, was first to break the spell. Disarmingly he asked, "Notice anythin' peculiah about them thar biscuits?" Although slightly alarmed, we assured him they had been perfect; not peculiar but delicious—and thanked him again for this contribution to our final camp supper.

He yawned, stretched, rose and, as he turned towards his own tent, said, softly, "They was sho'tened with b'ar grease."

A few years later, we learned that our old friend had gone to his maker. If there is a special camp up there for once mighty hunters who, although untutored, were also great gentlemen, we are sure that Barney, along with Davy Crockett and all the rest, is right at home, well-loved, and happy.

*The Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book, Harper & Bros., first copyright, 1898, by James Gordon Bennett.

Marriage—and Character

Richard L. Evans



What we have in our hearts to say today could be said at any time—at many times—but we choose to say it in this setting, in this month of many marriages. And it pertains to the goodness and purpose of life, and to the peace and happiness of all who marry—and of children—and to the whole future of families. First of all, marriage must be coupled with character. It requires character to live in this closest of all relationships of life. Marriage requires also kindly consideration—and the overlooking of many small things, and an earnest disposition not to find fault. Anyone could annoy anyone at times, and anyone who looks for faults and flaws will surely find them. Marriage requires companionship, and encouragement, and confidence, and kindly, forthright frankness—not holding within the small resentments, the hurts of heart, and not sitting and brooding in silence. It requires keeping things out in the open, freely talking out problems as equal partners. It requires also, solvency, with a realistic regard for income and outgo—with organized ambition and effort to get ahead, and with a measure of contentment as to what cannot *now* be reasonably reached. Marriage requires self-control. There is no place in a good marriage for ill-tempered utterance or quick condemnation, or for selfishness or selfish indulgence. It requires loyalty and faithfulness, and moral cleanliness. No marriage should be allowed to become commonplace. Neglected or abused, it may possibly be brought back to what it once was, but it is better to keep it sweet and wholesome from the first so that there may be no scars. But if offenses should come, let there be forgiving and let there be forgetting, always with the earnest intent of making this relationship last—for every privilege carries with it an obligation, and every child brought into the world is a real responsibility—and marriage must be founded on firm foundations. Marriage is the most complete commitment of life, and as such should receive the best effort of all who enter into it. It must include willing work, sincere service, respect of each other, respect of self, humility and prayerfulness, and the healing power of love—and faith and common convictions—faith in God, faith in the future, and faith in the everlasting things of life. And to you who venture into marriage—and to you who have, and to you who ever will—remember that respect and love and confidence must be earned every day, with encouragement and faithfulness and sincere consideration.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, June 5, 1960. Copyright 1960.

Bah, Humbug!

(*Continued from page* 569)

rocks with abandon, and Dianne gazing at the panorama 1,000 feet below us presented an interesting picture. In turn each child told something about Joseph Smith, and Brad rounded out the discussion by defining a prophet.

"Daddy, what would you like to discuss?" This from Carol, seemingly as fresh as when we had begun the ascent an hour earlier.

A bit recovered by now and invigorated by the view below, I led a discussion. What a visual aid was afforded from this height!

I climbed Timpanogos once, walked to the Phantom Ranch in Grand Canyon once, and now I have climbed the "Y" once. Democracy? Not in this family. The priesthood holder is the head of his family. I'm the head of our house, by golly. What's that President Richards once said: "Put Father back as the head of the house"?

"What's that?" I had difficulty believing what I heard—"Kids, next week would you rather watch the rodeo parade in Lehi or hike to Timpanogos Cave?"

"Now wait a minute—wait—"

"Out of order," the chair ruled.

Say, know where I can get some good hiking boots?

-

THE TEMPERED

by D. J. Roberts

Now jeweled lights lace trail and stream,
Where once *they* labored, oxen-drawn.
Let us remember now, their dream
That stretches golden, in the dawn;

How they were guided by ideals,
How they were gentled by each prayer
Uttered above the wagon wheels;
These purified and made them fair.

Curbed by obedience and belief;
Tempered by these, they could endure.
They bent their backs and bore their grief
And made faith's substance sure.

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MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

Church Service in the Military Service

Our brethren in the armed services need some special attention from us at home.

Are we as brethren in the priesthood; as bishops, quorum presidents, and Church officers in general; as the parents, wives, families, and friends of servicemen—are we aware of our special responsibility to servicemen? If so, what are we doing about it?

Brethren in the service have the same obligations to live the gospel, to serve in the Church, to keep the commandments, to comply with the laws of the Lord and the program of the Church, that any members of the Church have.

The bars are not let down because a young man is called or volunteers to spend six months, two years, or many years in the service of his country. Salvation comes to him on the same basis that it comes to anyone. An elder in the service has the same obligation to magnify his calling in the priesthood that any elder has.

But our young men in the service sometimes feel, with some justification, that they have problems peculiar to their military situations. It may be that conditions do arise in which it is more difficult to keep the standards of the Church than would be the case in a different, say, a missionary environment.

However, with proper prior home training; with special attention given to their needs by bishops, quorum presidents, and others; there is no problem of Church service and personal righteousness that cannot be handled by Church members in the armed services.

This matter of caring for the spiritual well-being of servicemen is a problem that will be with us for a long time to come. Much as we might desire it to be otherwise, military service is probably here to stay.

For about a quarter of a century now, most of our young men have been faced with a period of active duty. Political and other world conditions appear to be such that we may anticipate that this situation will continue for some time to come.

Thousands of elders and thousands of senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood—a total of some 15,000—are now on active duty in the armed services. The prospects are that scores and perhaps hundreds of thousands of our brethren will yet see this type of service. About one of every 100 members of the

Church is now on active duty, to say nothing of their wives, children, and close relatives who are also often thrown into the military environment as a result of their service. Indeed, military service appears to be part of the over-all program of the American nation for the foreseeable future.

In this connection, the First Presidency received a letter from President Lincoln F. Hanks of the Gulf States Mission, commenting on the help that families can be to their servicemen. "We believe that servicemen's wives go a long way toward helping servicemen to remain active and steady in their work in the Church," President Hanks wrote.

President Hanks also enclosed a copy of a most excellent talk given by the wife of a serviceman in his mission at one of their recent conferences. The young woman, Kay White, is the president of the Laredo Branch Relief Society in the Gulf States Mission. Believing that her message and views will have wide appeal both to servicemen, their families, and the brethren of the priesthood who carry on the great servicemen's program of the Church, we take the liberty of reproducing her comments and recommendations here. Her talk is as follows:

"My husband is an officer in the United States Air Force. He and I are both very grateful for this career; it has given us an opportunity for work and growth in the gospel that we feel, in our case, we might not have gained living another type of life.

"We know that it is not where we serve that is important, but *how* we serve. As the wife of a serviceman, I have learned through sad experience that the Air Force can offer many opportunities to acquire bad habits and to develop undesirable traits. I have also found, fortunately, that the Air Force can offer a perfect opportunity for Latter-day Saints, living the gospel, to give the world a clear, true picture of the 'Gospel in Action.'

"As the wife of a Latter-day Saint serviceman I feel that there are many ways in which I can assist him in his service work and in his work for the Lord; and I would like to mention a few of these ideas.



Kay White

"It seems to me that the foremost contribution a wife can make to the peace and well-being of her husband is to maintain a home built on a foundation of love, faith, understanding, obedience, trust, and prayer, indeed, all of the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"We in the service are required to change locations and establish new homes quite frequently, and occasionally these changes are made with very little notice, or to out-of-the-way places where we may find a lack of some of the usual conveniences. But if we have striven for strong family ties, they will serve as a binding strength for ourselves and our children in times of insecurity. No matter how many things we may leave behind, loved ones, homes, or cherished material possessions, the family whose lives are filled with love for the gospel will carry in their hearts, wherever they go, the real essentials for building a new and precious home life. These essentials are their faith and testimonies of the gospel.

"Many times we service people, particularly in overseas assignments, find the 'base' to be our whole community, and I believe we all agree that we should support our community whether it be an overseas base or a normal American community of which our base is an important part.

"However, we must always remember to put first things first. First comes our family and home, our Church meetings and any responsibilities of leadership that may come in connection with our Church activities. Then, if it is desirable to the individual, we can add social functions and worthy community projects that interest us. But we must remember not to overload ourselves or we may find that we are neglecting family or spiritual development. Fulfil your obligations to the Lord first!

"There are many social functions that are a part of service life and at most of these functions the primary refreshment will probably have an alcoholic content or be tea or coffee. There are many times that there will be no refreshments available of which we can partake in keeping with the Word of Wisdom.

"Upon arrival at a new base, and whenever it becomes necessary thereafter, we have found it best to make known, politely but firmly, that we do not partake of these things. This provides a firm basis for our beliefs and a clear understanding of our intentions. People are, for the most part, gracious and understanding of our feelings, and from then on the conscientious host or (*Continued on page* 602)

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC'S PAGE

Stake Committees for Aaronic Priesthood under 21 Have Important Responsibility

Aaronic Priesthood performance in a stake usually reflects, among other things, the ability and diligence of the stake committee for Aaronic Priesthood under 21. Where the committee is dynamic and imaginative, activity and interest are on a high level. Where the committee functions mechanically and without enthusiasm, the various quorums throughout the stake exhibit the same characteristics.

This being so, it is necessary and proper that the committee be staffed with competent and dedicated workers. Its mission is important, for it deals not merely with statistics, but with the spiritual welfare of the youth of the Church.

The suggested organization of the committee, as found on page 4 of the current *Handbook for Leaders*, is the result of years of experience with the program. It is recommended as a minimum organization—circumstances such as number and distance may make a larger committee desirable. If so, stake presidents should feel free to expand. The important thing is that the committee is filling its mission of guiding and stimulating every ward committee and every quorum of Aaronic Priesthood bearers under 21 in the stake.

Stake committees should keep in close touch with ward committees. They should make certain that the instructions of this office are being carefully adhered to. When they find problems or inconsistencies, they should be both tactful and forceful in dealing with the ward committees and quorums involved.

The adviser to leaders of priests under 21 should work closely with the bishops in their capacity as priests quorum presidents and with the ward priests' advisers. The adviser to leaders of teachers should correlate his activities with the first counselor in the bishopric, the teachers quorum advisers, and the quorum presidencies. The adviser to leaders of deacons under 21 has a comparable responsibility on the deacons' quorum level. The secretary has the responsibility to work closely with ward general secretaries and with the secretaries of the various quorums, and to make certain that the records throughout the stake are accurate and complete. The chairman is to oversee and correlate all of this and work closely with bishoprics in their capacity of directors of the Aaronic Priesthood program in the wards.

As the Church becomes larger and the problem of control greater, the stake committees are taking on more and more importance. It is right that they do, for a properly organized, enthusiastic, and dedicated committee can be a real asset to a stake.

Ward Teaching Supplement—
SEEKING AFTER OUR DEAD

Just as there is but one Savior, so is there but one way to salvation—his gospel.

All men will be judged by the standards of the gospel. This being true, all will have an opportunity to accept or reject it as they choose.

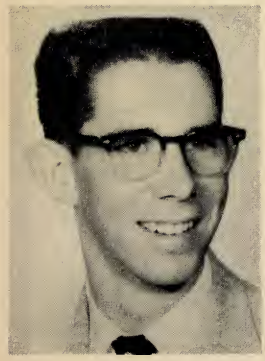
Thus the missionary program of the Church: through the ages, men and women—having been blessed with the knowledge of the gospel—have accepted calls to share it with their fellows. In doing so, they became tools in the hands of the Lord, who was preparing the honest in heart for accepting it. Many of us in this generation have had opportunity to serve in this manner.

But our opportunity extends beyond missionary work, as important as it is. We can also be instruments in his hands in bringing the blessings of the gospel to those who have passed on without having heard it. And these souls are as precious to our Father in heaven as those still among us.

We can serve in this respect through the genealogical program of the Church. Our responsibility is to gather the names of our worthy dead that temple work might be done for them. Many of these have accepted the gospel in the spirit world and are waiting for these saving ordinances. Our satisfaction, here and hereafter, will be especially great if we actually participate in this temple work.

The challenge is great. An enormous number of souls have received bodies and come to the earth, and for most of them the temple work is yet to be done. Each of us—without exception—bears a responsibility in the furtherance of this work.

It is extremely unfortunate that many regard genealogical service as suited only for the aged, for it offers unique rewards for Latter-day Saints of all ages. It is interesting and educational and presents substantial opportunities for growth and development. More important, it is a real expression of the Christian ideal, for it is often done for people whom we have not known in this life. But our Father in heaven knows each of them, and to him each is precious. He has expressed himself many times, through living prophets, on the importance of this work. We would do well to heed this counsel and give our wholehearted support to it.



California Priest has unusual record . . .

William J. Yssel of the Covina Ward, Covina (California) Stake, has received seven consecutive Individual Aaronic Priesthood awards, each bearing a 100% attendance seal. It is indeed unusual for a young man to complete seven years of Aaronic Priesthood work with a perfect attendance record, but William has done so.

His other achievements during the period have been as praiseworthy as his attendance. He has served as president of both his deacons and teachers quorums, and as secretary of his priests quorum. He has been active in MIA work, and has earned a "Duty to God" award.

William has been studying at Mount San Antonio College, and hopes to have the opportunity to fill a mission for the Church.

PICNICS

Today's Family
Florence B. Pinnock, Editor



From the time we tired of making mud pies and asked our mothers for a real play dinner, I'm sure we have all loved eating out-of-doors. The great out-of-doors plus food equals a picnic. This food may be eaten while sitting on a quilt in the shade of an old tree in the backyard, or up the canyon, down on the beach, out on the desert, over at the park, or even on the road in a car. Wherever we carry food to eat, let's make it fun and call it a picnic.

This food should be different, whether it be tiny cut-up sandwiches for a child's play dinner or a barbecued pig done out in the open. This doesn't mean it must entail a great deal of cost or preparation, but it does mean to think through the balance of color, flavor, and texture of food and also its nutritional value and then to choose food that is a little different.

One of the picnics I most remember was a "spur of the moment" one. It was down near Snowflake, Arizona, and someone said, "Let's go up on Tonto Rim and see the world." Into a picnic box went a couple of quarts of ice cold milk, a loaf of bread, just out of the oven, a large piece of cheese, and some fruit. Food never tasted better. It proved without a doubt that impromptu picnics are fun.

Picnics are not limited just to summertime. I know a mother who greeted her family on the first winter evening as they came home for dinner with, "Warm up your toes, good. This new snow is too beautiful to waste, let's ride a way up the canyon and have supper." Of course they were surprised, but they have never forgotten eating in the warm car under the stars in a winter wonderland. Hot chili came out of a roaster wrapped in newspapers and piping hot Postum out of a thermos jug. Dessert? It was hot apple pie eaten in front of an open fire after they arrived back home. Memories are made of fun like this.

Another mother, on a very hot summer night, gathered her family together and suggested a "Starlight Snack." They hopped into the car not knowing just what to expect but on arriving in a familiar place in the canyon unloaded some quilts, and everyone sat in a circle. The mother then took out of the car a large thermos of iced lemonade and a huge tray of crackers, carrot sticks, and potato chips circling a bowl of avocado dip. Families grow closer together under such circumstances. Beneath the stars mothers and fathers and children are all one.

Have you ever planned a beautiful picnic and then had it rain? Don't cancel it. All the picnic food will taste just as good at home on the porch or in the family room. If the weather has chilled, eat sitting on the living room floor in front of a blazing fire. Stories and charades may have to take the place of hiking and baseball, but they too can be special.

One of the easiest ways to entertain out-of-town guests is to take them up the canyon on an "early bird breakfast." The preparation is almost nil for a party like this. In a large box gather together some chilled cantaloups, a carton of eggs, some bacon, fresh bread



or sweet rolls, and plenty of milk or the makings of a hot drink, such as Postum, chocolate, or consommé. When you arrive at the camp site, assign someone to set the table, someone else to make the fire, another person to cook the bacon and eggs, and someone else to fix the beverage. It's fun to all work together and how good is the scent of the cooking foods! The only precaution is to bring along plenty of food because I'll guarantee appetites will be far above normal.

Webster says a picnic is an outdoor pleasure party provided with its own eatables and means of entertainment. Let's plan some picnics.

PANCAKE BREAKFAST

Cantaloup Cereal
Feather-light Pancakes Hot Syrup
Slivers of Ham
Postum

Cut the cantaloup in half and fill with a crisp prepared cereal and serve with cream.

Feather-light Pancakes (about 15 cakes)

1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons sugar
2½ cups flour
2 beaten eggs
2 cups buttermilk
5 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift the dry ingredients. Combine the beaten eggs, buttermilk, and melted shortening. Add to dry ingredients, stirring just until flour is moistened. Batter will be lumpy but should be medium thin. Bake on ungreased griddle. Serve with a hot maple syrup or a homemade syrup.

Homemade Syrup

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1½ cups water
1 tablespoon vanilla
2 tablespoons butter

Boil the water and sugar for 5 minutes, add vanilla and butter, and serve hot.

PICNIC BREAKFAST

Strawberries and Cream
Scrambled Eggs with minced Onion and chopped Parsley
Little Sausages Doughnuts
Hot Beverage

This next menu is for a picnic prepared at home, just the French Sandwiches have to be grilled wherever you eat.

Picnic Salad

Sliced Tomatoes, Carrot Sticks, Dill Pickles
French Cheese Sandwiches
Freezer Ice Cream

Picnic Salad
6 cups diced boiled potatoes
4 diced cucumbers
⅔ cup sliced radishes
⅔ cup finely cut celery
⅓ cup finely cut green pepper
1 pound sausage
½ teaspoon dry mustard
salt
¼ cup chopped green onions or chives
about 2 cups boiled salad dressing

Cook the sausage with 2 tablespoons water, covered, for 10 minutes, drain well, cool. Mix the dry mustard into the salad dressing, and fold in all other ingredients. Carry to picnic in lettuce-lined salad bowl.

Grilled French Cheese Sandwiches
Dip cheese sandwiches into a mixture of 1 cup milk, 2 well-beaten eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, and paprika. This egg mixture may be prepared at home and brought to the canyon in a bottle. Fry until golden brown in medium hot fat. Be sure the cheese has time to melt.

Picnic #2

Tater Burgers
Tossed Green Salad Baked Beans
Pumpernickle Bread
Apple Turnovers

Tater Burgers
2 pounds ground beef
2½ cups grated raw potato
½ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons grated onion

Shape into patties. Brown slowly in melted shortening allowing about 20 minutes for cooking. Turn patties about 4 times.

Picnic #3

Bacon Bundles
Corn on the cob
Fresh Raw Vegetable Plate
Toasted English Muffins
Watermelon

Bacon Bundles
1½ pounds ground beef
3 cups Pep cereal
1¼ cups milk
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ cup chopped green onions
½ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons salt
2 eggs beaten

Combine the ingredients. Divide into 12 portions. Mold into patties. Cut into halves lengthwise 12 slices of bacon. Arrange 2 strips bacon crosswise on wax paper; place one pattie on bacon intersection. Bring ends of bacon together at top and fasten with a toothpick. Broil about 15 minutes, turning once.

SANDWICH FILLINGS FOR "LAP PICNICS"

Chopped olives and pecans moistened with mayonnaise.

Spread toast with mashed avocado moistened with mayonnaise; add sliced tomato and a strip of crisp bacon, and cover.

Hard-cooked eggs chopped and deviled spread on brown bread. Add paper thin slice of ham and cover.

Grind bologna, add mayonnaise, and finely chopped sweet pickle.

Flaked tuna, chopped green pepper, moistened with salad dressing.

August is picnic month. Enjoy a picnic a week with your family and friends before vacation time is over. Never start on a picnic without plenty of good food and a happy disposition.

A DOZEN—*WHY DON'T YOU?*

1. Cream eggs for breakfast and serve over waffles.
2. Flavor your cereal cream with grated orange rind.
3. Start the day with a glass of apricot nectar served with a wedge of lime or lemon.
4. For a speedy lunch serve creamed tuna over canned green beans.
5. Add sliced ripe olives to scrambled eggs.
6. Team up slices of avocado and oranges and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing.
7. Add instant minced onion and prepared mustard to chili sauce for a zippy hot dog relish.
8. Spread your buns with creamed cheese, next add a cooked hamburger pattie then a slice of tomato, slice of green pepper, and last a slice of dill pickle.
9. Baste your ham with the spicy syrup from a jar of sweet pickles.
10. Serve a cinnamon stick to stir your iced grapefruit juice.
11. Serve cranberry sherbet with turkey salad on a hot summer day.
12. When the temperature is in the 90's, serve cold fried chicken and hot potato salad.

THE PROBLEM OF HAND-ME-DOWNS

by Joyce Knudsen

Nina beamed up at the milkman when he noticed her pink straw hat. "It's my big sister's. Now I get to wear it!"

Nina was three then. It was a privilege to inherit Judy's spring hat. Even at five she was delighted to grow into a dress that seemed new.

But at seven she was frankly dubious of hand-me-downs.

As it is in many families, nature hadn't precisely balanced the sexes of our children. With two daughters, we shared the situation of neighbors who were happily rearing four sons or, in one case, no fewer than six little step-stair girls.

In the beginning we were delighted to realize that the family budget would stretch to clothing of better quality because Nina could grow into the good spring coat or the wool skirt which seldom received full wear from Judy.

With every change of season there was a busy raising and lowering of hems, and two pairs of small fingers were content to help pull out threads and ready garments for the next season.

Of course, the term "hand-me-down" rarely occurs to Mother as she looks over the good coat or the pair of flannel slacks which an older child outgrew. In prosperous times or lean times, it's only a matter of thrift and common sense to avoid wasting a good article of clothing that took a sizable slice of the clothing budget.

It was just after Nina's fifth birth-

day that we noticed a change. She was becoming conscious of an obvious fact. When clothes were bought in the stores, most of them were for Judy. By the time Nina grew into them, they were still in good condition, but they were no longer new or exciting.

We recognized that in such a small way an unhealthy little mold of resentment might grow. Love and attention had always been shared in the family; surely thrift could be maintained without an unbalance of the needs to which every child is entitled.

We found that it takes planning and just a little ingenuity to achieve a healthy balance.

I learned to keep good outgrown clothes in a box where they could be stored until it was necessary to buy Judy a new item of clothing. If the article could be bought without taking Judy to the store, so much the better. When it arrived, something similar for Nina would have been previously taken from the "grow-into" box and refurbished so that both little girls had something new.

By the time a child is ten or eleven he can be expected to understand that it's neither desirable nor practical for several members to have something new at the same time. His concept of his own secure place in the family will be more mature. But until that stage has been reached in the individual child's emotional development, it's quite reasonable to balance purchases in some small manner.

We found that if Judy had to be taken to the store to be fitted, it avoided a juvenile fear that Nina was less loved, to take her along on the shopping trip and to buy a small new item for her. If Judy needed a good quality coat, we discovered that Nina was delighted with a 98-cent pair of bright red pedal pushers.

Each youngster is entitled to certain small likes and dislikes in clothing. Even at five or six, a child can be aware that the gray flannel coat which suited blonde Judy tends to make brunette Nina look colorless. But the simple addition of a red velveteen collar and new red buttons makes the coat individual and exciting to the little one—at the cost of perhaps an hour's work.

In several years of refurbishing hand-me-downs I found that a few bright buttons or a new belt work wonders in making an outgrown

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article look custom-made for the child who inherits them.

Boys are traditionally less fussy about clothing than are girls, yet they are still sensitive about certain things. A neighboring mother made a perfectly good boy's winter coat from a gray tweed belonging to his father. But the color was unappealing to a little boy—until she lined it with gay Scotch tartan! That was the ingenious touch which transformed a typical unglamorous hand-me-down into an item that the youngster was delighted to wear.

In the past few months in our family, a simple new blouse has added to the attractiveness of a good hand-me-down skirt. A twin line of rickrack braid has gaily disguised the mark where a gingham dress hem was lowered. I had added red corduroy cuffs to a pair of slacks, and a bow of blue ribbon to a winter hat.

Yes, the clothing could have been handed down without that small investment of time and effort. But it's an investment which has paid the priceless dividend of radiant happiness in the face of a child who has concrete proof that Mother and Daddy care about his needs.

It all adds up...

Richard L. Evans



We have become increasingly aware lately of the so-called exact sciences—of mathematical formulas, for example, from which can be forecast the forces of the inner atom and the orbiting of outer areas. Order is evident in all of this—order, and the mind of an Infinite Administrator. But he whose infinite orderliness is everywhere in evidence, has not left his children without laws of life that lend to results as sure, as certain, as the laws pertaining to physical phenomena—laws of health, moral laws, counsel, and commandments. There has been a tendency by some to say that this age-old counsel on conduct may have served a purpose in the past, but is no longer essential to human happiness. But it simply isn't so. There is no evidence that loose thinking or lax living or so-called emancipation from morals and manners has brought peace or happiness or progress to anyone—ever. And the Father of us all, in his love and wisdom pertaining to his children, hasn't said "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" for no particular purpose. As Emerson said: "The world looks like a multiplication-table or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. . . . You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. . . . A man cannot speak but he judges himself. . . . Every secret is told, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. . . . The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. . . . Men suffer all their life long, under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is . . . impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself. . . . What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it . . . thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less."[1] To use the mathematical vernacular: It all adds up. As William James worded it: "Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar."[2] Every thought and act and utterance is being counted "among the molecules and nerve cells and fibres." . . . "Nothing we ever do is in strict scientific literalness wiped out."[2] It all adds up. No amount of rationalizing can cancel out the fact that peace and quiet come with keeping clean, with keeping the commandments, and no amount of rationalizing can save us from the consequences of misconduct. We are the sum of the thoughts we think; of the habits we have, of all we do and have done. We are the sum of all our actions and attitudes and utterances, of all things stored in body and mind and memory. The laws given by a loving Father are always in force and always effective. His advice is worth taking, his commandments worth keeping. It all adds up.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, June 12, 1960. Copyright 1960.

[1] Emerson, *Compensation.*
[2] William James, *The Laws of Habits.*

Church Service in the Military Service

(*Continued from page* 595)

hostess will make provisions for us.

"We must never compromise in order to 'get ahead' or 'make an impression.' It is well to keep in mind that the whole Church may be judged by our actions. By being true to our principles, be it the Word of Wisdom or any other principle, I know I can strengthen myself and my husband.

"Occasionally it is 'required' that we attend an undesirable function of some type. For instance, recently our flight commander announced that everyone 'would' attend bingo that night. The flight with the largest attendance would receive free champagne, and our flight was striving for this 'honor.'

"Later, privately, my husband took time to explain to the commander that to us bingo was gambling and that we did not gamble; and that even our presence there could be mistaken for a vote of confidence on our part for this type of activity.

"Brother White was a bit surprised when his flight commander said, 'That's right Captain White, you are an elder in your Church, aren't you? And you do hold a responsible position here, don't you?' Indeed he understood our responsibilities and appreciated our right to follow the dictates of our conscience.

"Needless to say, we were excused from this function.

"When it becomes necessary for my husband to make decisions of this type, I should stand beside him and uphold and support him. I realize, as he does, how important it is for Latter-day Saints to set a fitting example.

"Before we left Japan in 1959 an officer, with many years in the service, took the opportunity to tell Brother White how much he thought of LDS servicemen—how much he admired them for living what they believed to be true, and for standing up for the causes they knew to be just and right. He said, among other things, that he felt that most of the LDS men he had worked with were exceptionally dependable and trustworthy and that he considered it a privilege to have the opportunity to work with them. He was also thankful to have men in his command that he could rely on to never waver from the mission of the unit.

"So it is very important that we do everything to the best of our ability, living the gospel and keeping the commandments every moment of every day. Whether we encourage our husbands in teaching a Sunday School class or teaching a student to fly a jet, let us encourage them to give the best they have.

"Now let me bring out once more the points I have mentioned that can help wives and mothers in God's kingdom assist our husbands in their work and progression here:

"1. Strive for a home filled with love, built on the principles of the gospel.

"2. Attend to your families and homes and obligations to the Lord first, and then add your support to worthy community or social programs.

"3. Do not compromise gospel principles to 'get ahead.'

"4. Make your position in regard to your beliefs clear and then stick to them. Don't hesitate to take time to explain the reason for your actions; this is a means of introducing people to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"5. Respect and support the decisions made by your husband. He is blessed with the priesthood and is entitled to inspiration in governing his family in righteousness.

"6. Always remember—You can be an 'ambassador of goodwill' for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"It matters not in what activity we may be engaged, these words from Matthew tell us the way to live: 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.' (Matt. 6:33.)"



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Teaching by Contagion

(*Continued from page* 571)

taught them to their students.

A certain teacher had been presenting a lesson from the life of the Savior. He had first quoted Jesus' teaching to "judge not," and then had gone on to show why it is impossible for men to judge fairly. This led into a fine discussion of the advantages of looking for the best in everyone. As the teacher neared the conclusion of this fine lesson, a boy suddenly went off the end of a bench and landed on the floor. The atmosphere changed immediately, and so did the teacher. The individual assumed to have pushed the boy off the bench received a scathing rebuke. The teacher was extremely sarcastic.

Whether the boy thus humiliated was innocent or guilty is beside the point. The teacher of religion is dealing with ideals, and since what the teacher does is of such great importance in the teaching process, he must live the ideals or be in danger of becoming discredited as a witness of them.

We cannot teach the importance and worth of the individual and, at the same time, belittle and embarrass members of the class. Certainly we cannot teach students one thing by what we say, and another by what we do, without giving a lie to what we say. The teacher in the above situation not only judged quickly and wrongly, but he also taught by contagion a negative lesson about the worth of man.

Another area in which we sometimes teach by what we do has to do with attendance. The gospel teaches us that we should be more concerned with individuals than with the group. But sometimes we emphasize percentages to the degree that the group appears more important than individual achievement and worth. It is easy to go after percentage points rather than after lost sheep, and there is a lot of difference between these two interests. It is so easy for students to know which interest is most important to teachers.

A teacher who first shows the ideal of patience to his class and then becomes impatient with a student who does not understand or who disagrees, has not taught patience. The student will learn patience if he sees the teacher patiently trying to put over a point or sees him answering a question with patient understanding or observes patience in handling a difficult or delicate situation. The student learns more by contagion than by what he hears, and he learns it better.

A student recently related how he had been in classes taught by Dr. Franklin L. West while attending the USU in Logan many years ago. He said he had forgotten the academic side of what Dr. West taught but had not forgotten the dynamics by which he was lifted both spiritually and intellectually. He learned much more than lessons in physics. Qualities of teaching and living seen in this teacher have influenced many lives, for his was contagious teaching.

Teachers must tell and show the ideal before students will make it a part of their lives. But this does not necessarily imply that teachers need feel that they are *the* example. Christ is our example. But teachers do teach most effectively that about which they feel deeply, and by what they themselves are. It would be unfortunate, to say the least, if teachers began to do things merely for the sake of being examples. Teachers are not perfect, and both they and their students know it. Like everyone else, they should live the gospel because it is right to live it. Virtue is its own justification and needs no outside artificial motivation. We should live the gospel for its own sake, not to become examples. When we do attempt to live the gospel, however, our love and testimony will become apparent to others. While students may be conscious of our imperfection in achievement, they can also be aware of the urgency of our desire and the depth of our faith. These are contagious.

It would appear that the requirement is not perfection in example, but sincerity of effort. President David O. McKay, in closing the last general conference, said: "It is our responsibility to impress our children with our sincerity in our belief in the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . . Children are very susceptible to insincerity."

Forever in My Heart

(*Continued from page* 564)

to the spring wagon, we covered all with clean sacks.

Then Papa put the high, ribbed white top he had made over the wagon and all was ready. Tuesday morning he got up at three and, leaving a neighbor boy to finish the chores, he drove away to Elmo and other towns south of us that were so far away they seemed to belong to another world. He always stayed overnight, sleeping in the wagon to guard the cheese and to be on hand when the stores were opened in the morning.

Late Wednesday afternoon Mamma said it was about time for Papa to be coming home, and we could all go to meet him. We washed hands and faces, put on clean aprons, and with baby Charlotte in the small, homemade, two-wheeled car with a little pillow behind her, barefooted we walked along in the warm dust of the road. While still in sight of our Lombardy poplars, we spied the white top of the wagon over the brow of a hill. We hastened our going for it was good to see Papa again and too, he had usually managed to spare a few pennies for a stick of candy apiece.

He stopped the tired team. He was smiling. Perhaps he had had better success this time. I lifted the baby up to him as he reached down for her and the cart while the other two scrambled up alone.

The small ones could not wait. "Did you bring us any *candy*, Papa?" they asked.

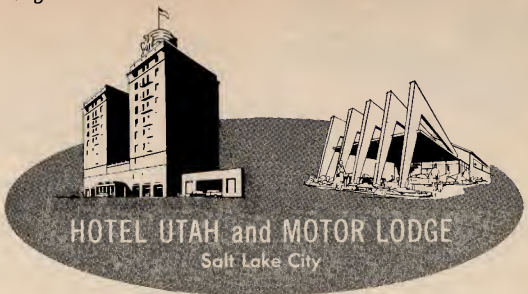
I could not wait. Sitting close to him as I held the baby I anxiously asked. "Did you sell *all* the cheese, Papa?"

"Yes, and I didn't have to take it all out in trade this time. I got part of the pay in money."

What a joy that was, for now the neighbors could be paid at once for their milk. And then—from out a paper bag came a striped stick of peppermint candy apiece, that in itself was almost worth that long trip. There were even three sticks left, one for Mamma, and the other two to be doled out days later in small pieces.

When we reached the house, there was the excitement of helping to carry in the things taken in trade. Among the packages of rice, prunes,

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KITCHEN CHARM
WAXED PAPER

and sugar was a large pasteboard box.

"Oh Papa. *What is this?*" we asked at once. Papa did not answer. He carried it into the house himself along with a long, slim parcel like a cane. He *handed the box to Mamma.*

"*For you!*" he said.

"For *me?*" asked Mamma incredulously.

"Open it," said Papa as he lifted up the baby so that she, too, might see.

We crowded close. What could possibly be in the box? Not even I had any idea whatsoever.

Then the box was opened—and there before us—in that plain, bare room, lay a *beautiful hat of fine buff straw.* We could all see that it was right in style for it had a high, flat-topped crown with pale yellow roses in front, against the crown. With trembling fingers Mamma lifted it up from the soft scented tissue paper, that was itself lovely to look at. Underneath the brim of the hat was a little fluted edging of buff lace.

"Put it on," said Papa as he lifted the baby into her high chair.

"I should be wearing my good dress," said Mamma, but she put it on and even though her dress was a worn and faded blue calico, she looked just beautiful. We all thought so. She looked at herself in the mirror and suddenly, again, there were tears in her eyes. She said nothing but putting the hat back in its box, lifted up her arms to Papa and gave him a rare kiss. He clasped her close while we children looked on in wonder.

As if that were not enough joy, there was the long slim parcel that, when opened, proved to be a light brown satin parasol with carved handle. That was even more of a surprise than the hat, and would be such luxury in the hot sun.

And now it was hard to wait until Sunday, but finally it did come. Bessie and I were dressed in our usual yellow and brown lawn dresses, the baby in her one white dress and the small brother and sister in seersucker.

"I don't see many boys as good looking as our Albert," said Papa. I was surprised, for I had never thought of my brother as being good-looking. Bessie's shoes were shabby, as there had been no blacking in the box for some time, but she could not wear shabby shoes to Church. Papa took soot from the under side of a stove lid, mixed it with soapy water, and made blacking. Bessie was much pleased with the result, and said "If they'd just squeak a little, folks would think they were new!"

Mamma was all ready. Her brown dress was too warm for summer but it looked well with the hat and anyway, one couldn't have *everything* and *that* Mamma knew.

At Church, Grandma's face lighted up with surprise and pleasure when she saw Mamma's new hat and the grand parasol. The great-aunties were pleased, too, though not openly commenting, which would never do before people who were not in the family.

After Church, before Sunday School began, Mamma said, "Papa, you look after the children, and I will walk down to see Grandma. (My great-grandmother Truscott.) She had to stay with Grandpa who is ill."

"Don't you want to wait until after the singing?" asked Papa.

"No," answered Mamma, "not this time. I want to have a little visit with Grandma. She will want to see the baby, and anyway,—I want to show her my new hat."

And so Papa led the little ones to the infant and primary classes but I slipped out on the front porch, alone. I *just had to watch* my mother in the sunshine. She walked along the cinder path, holding the baby on one arm, and over the beautiful hat she held the shining parasol. I watched, until I saw Great-grandma open the door of her little house, then I turned and went back into Church, the memory of that picture to be *forever in my heart.*

—

Normal Family

(*Continued from page* 579)

the challenging title of "The Silver Daggers" and was underscored with an action-filled caption, "They Flew F-102's to Victory."

I never saw the film. They never got the "simulator" (whatever that is) built.

After that, for a while, John Q. Public was left in total ignorance. No added sign informed anyone as to what was "Coming Soon." There were just those black, empty words

hanging there—silent, ominous. (One woman walked right up the front walk and stood below the window, frowning slightly, as she read. Then shook her head and walked away.)

Shortly after, the phrase took on vital meaning. "Affectionate," the cat—(that's a normal name, isn't it?) was going to have her fourth litter of kittens.

Then they came. Four of them.

Now we're back where we started again. Something is still "Coming Soon," and we're all afraid of what it might be. (And *that's* certainly normal.)

You see how "normal" we are? In spite of the air force—wooden barrel tops and kittens—in spite of everything, I defy *anyone*—(especially a bachelor or a spinster) to say we're not.

For instance, I threaten, scold, outstare, demand, and finally shame them into going to bed. I practically have to hogtie them to get them to bathe—and once they're in the tub, I have to blast them with nitroglycerine to get them out. (And then they haven't washed. They've been swimming, sinking battleships, and skin-diving.)

They consume more food in a day than a super market sells at an anniversary sale.

But, dirt, kittens, air force, and all—I could hug the daylights out of everyone of them—And so could their father (even when he can't find any of his tools, and they've left his best saw out in the rain). We just plain love each other.

And I'm sure as anything that—*that's* normal.

Then, too, once in a while in our "normal" life I pull out a nugget of pure gold—when my little girl looks up at me and says warmly, "I don't care if you *are* ugly, Mommie—I love you best."

Or—when the ten-year old smears mud across the carpet and grins out from between his freckles and says, "You're pretty, Mom."—and me with my hair up in curlers and my duster on!

Or when my fifteen-year-old kisses me unabashedly in front of a whole congregation in Sacrament meeting.

Normal? Well—I don't know. Suddenly it doesn't matter whether we're a "normal family" or not. I guess we're normal for *us*, anyway. (No matter what a bachelor or spinster thinks.)

THE END

Added Note:

It's just come to my attention that the children have now completed an obstacle course for kittens.

A. This includes:
 1. A slanting ramp (or do *all* ramps slant?)
 2. A trap door for them to fall through
 3. A trap door underneath the *other* trap door so that when—

Oh, what's the use! Let's forget the whole thing.

Say—if you know anyone who'd like a kitten, let me know, will you?

THE REAL END

Does Satan Have Power to Answer Prayers?

(*Continued from page* 561)

answer is sorely needed.

The Lord also has said: "He that seeketh me early shall find me, and shall not be forsaken."[9] It is the duty of parents to teach their children to pray as soon as they commence to understand. Let them form the habit of approaching their Father in heaven, and with the understanding of the reason for prayer. If this habit is formed in childhood, it may remain through mature years, and the man or woman who has earnestly sought the Lord and thanked him for blessings, may expect that the Lord will not forsake them in the hour of need. Members of the Church should reflect frequently on the admonition of Amulek, as recorded in Alma, chapter thirty-four, in the Book of Mormon.

We may be definitely sure that the Lord will not permit Satan to deceive the earnest seeker after truth when he sincerely prays.

[9] *Ibid.*, 88:83.

Note: Response to Your Question is so great that it is possible to answer on these pages but a small percentage of the questions submitted. In some cases it may seem advisable to answer questions by mail. This can be done, of course, only if you include a stamped, addressed envelope when you write.
—J. F. S.

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The Last Word

Time, like a river, rolls imperceptibly away, till it loses itself in the vast ocean of eternity. Happy they who mark its periods by deeds which shall bear record when time itself shall be no more!

He called his wife his better half
With mirthfulness, wher'er he went.
The neighbors whispered, with a laugh,
That she was ninety-five percent.
—Selected



If you want to leave your footprints in the sands of time, wear your work shoes.

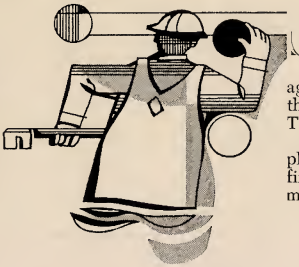
The curious motorist stopped in a vacation area to observe a farmer putting up a building.

"What are you building?" our man asked.

"Well," answered the farmer. "If I can rent it, it's a rustic cottage nestled 'neath two tall pines. If I can't, it's a cowshed."

It is better to have one man working with you than three men working for you.

See that you keep the windows of the mind, and of the soul also, open to the light and the air. Take with you into the dust and tumult, the ambitions and cares, the homely joys and sorrows, which will make up the treasure of your working days and years, an inextinguishable faith in the things which are unseen, the things which give dignity to service, inspiration to work, purpose to suffering, a value immeasurable and eternal to the humblest of human lives.
—Mr. Asquith



Joe, looking at Niagara Falls: "Got anything like that in Texas?"

Texan: "We got a plumber who could fix that leak in ten minutes."

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory. Let us now commit it to life.
—Chesterton

Great beauty, great strength, and great riches are really and truly of no great use; a right heart exceeds all.
—Benjamin Franklin

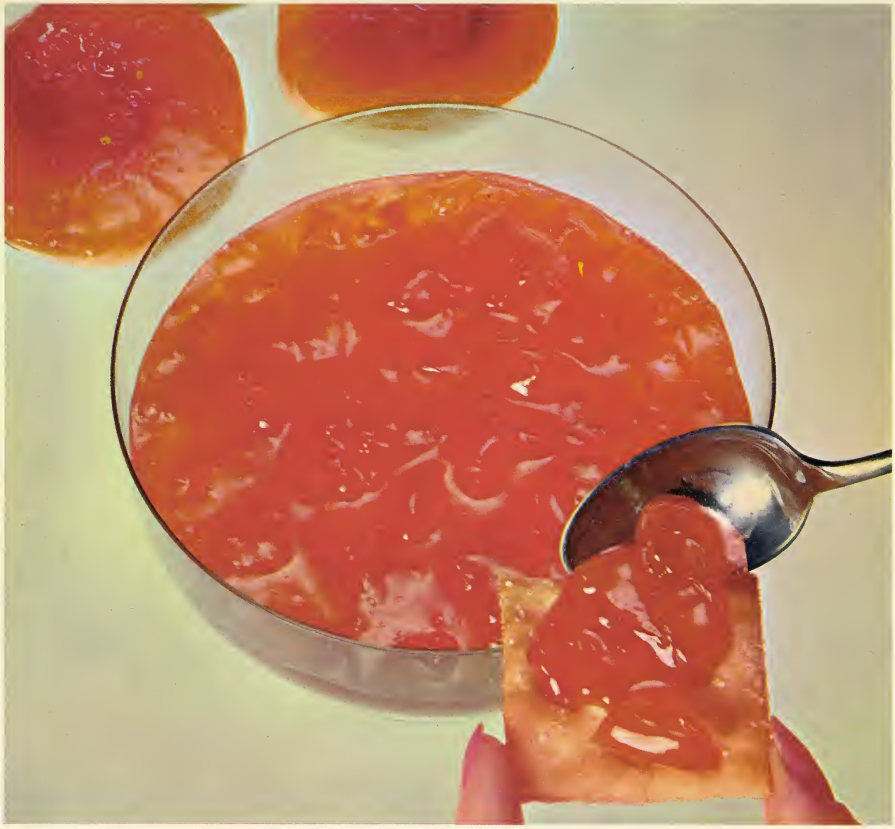
"I can't get over how well you and your wife get along. Don't you ever have any differences of opinions?

"Oh, yes—very often."

"And yet you get over them so quickly?"

"Ah, that's the secret. I never tell her about them."

It is not what men eat but what they digest that makes them strong; not what we gain, but what we save that makes us rich; not what we read, but what we remember that makes us learn; and not what we preach, but what we practice that makes us Christians.
—Francis Bacon



No jam tastes like the kind you make yourself!

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Sure-Jell and Certo are brands of pectin . . . the fruit substance that causes jelling. The pectin in fruits varies—so *Sure-Jell* or *Certo* takes the guesswork out of jam and jelly making. Recipes with package and bottle. Products of General Foods.



Recipe: perfect homemade peach jam. Peel, pit and crush 3 lbs. fully ripe peaches. Mix 4 cups prepared fruit in very large saucepan with 1 box powdered Sure-Jell. (Or use liquid Certo—recipe on bottle.) Stir over high heat until mixture comes to hard boil.



Stir in 5 cups sugar at once. Bring to full-rolling boil. Boil hard for *1 minute only*, stirring constantly. A short boil time means less juice boils away—so you get up to 50% higher yield, and the flavor comes through fresher—with *Sure-Jell* or *Certo!*



Remove from heat; alternately stir and skim off foam for 5 min. Ladle quickly into 9 medium glasses. Cover with paraffin. Sure-Jell and Certo are recommended by General Foods Kitchens.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



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